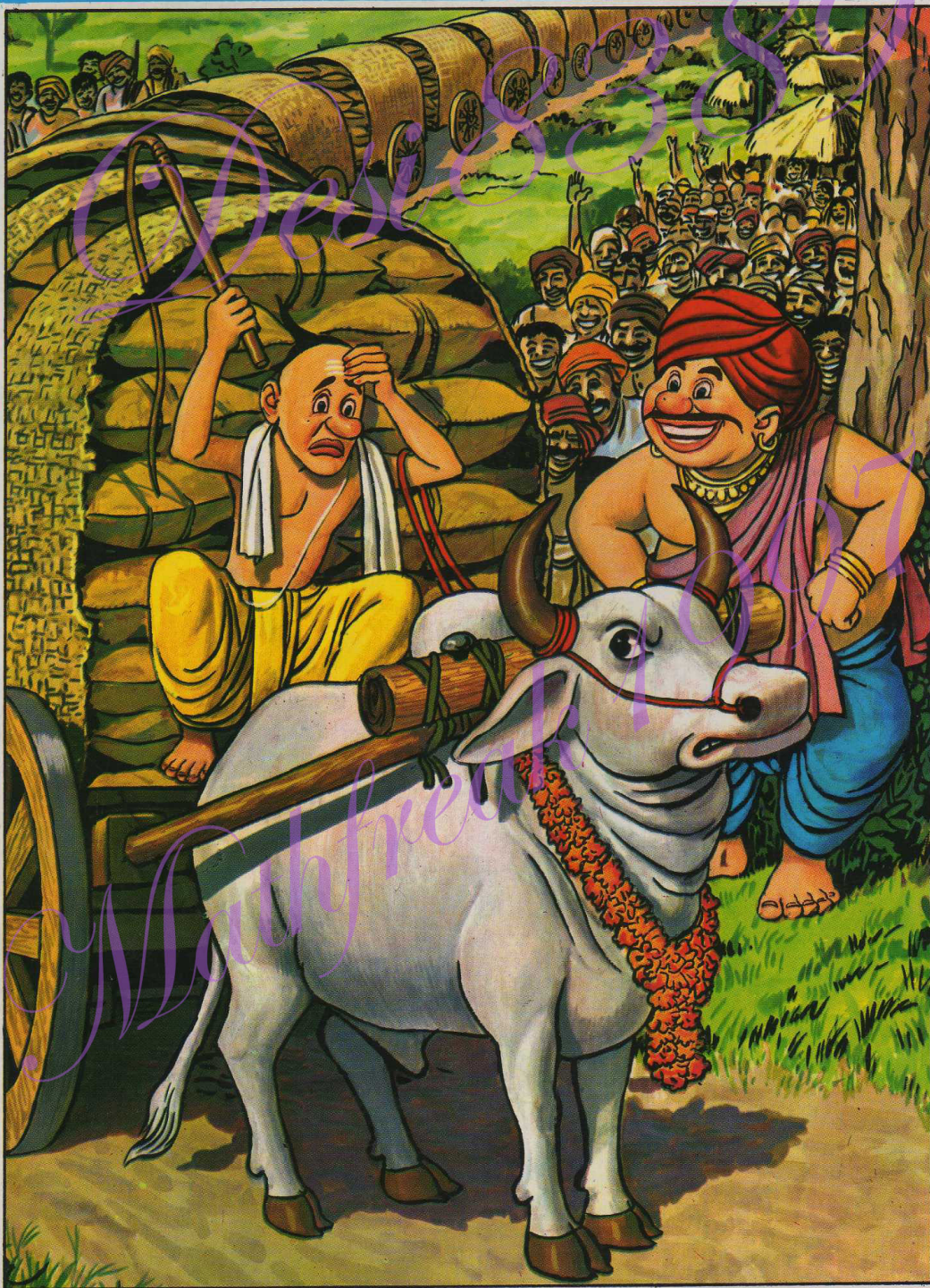




Vol. 619 Rs 25

# Jataka Tales

## *Nandivishala and other stories*



Amar Chitra Katha: the Glorious Heritage of India





# JATAKA TALES

## Nandi Vishala and other stories

All living creatures die to be born again, so the Hindus believe. The Buddha was no exception. Legend has it that several lifetimes as a Bodhisattva went into the making of the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

The Bodhisattva came in many forms - man, monkey, deer, elephant, lion. Whatever his mortal body, he spread the message of justice and wisdom, tempered with compassion. This wisdom, the wisdom of right thinking and right living, is preserved in the Jataka tales.

*Script:*  
*Lopamudra*

*Illustrations:*  
*Ashok Dongre*

**AMAR CHITRA KATHA:**

*The Route to Your Roots*

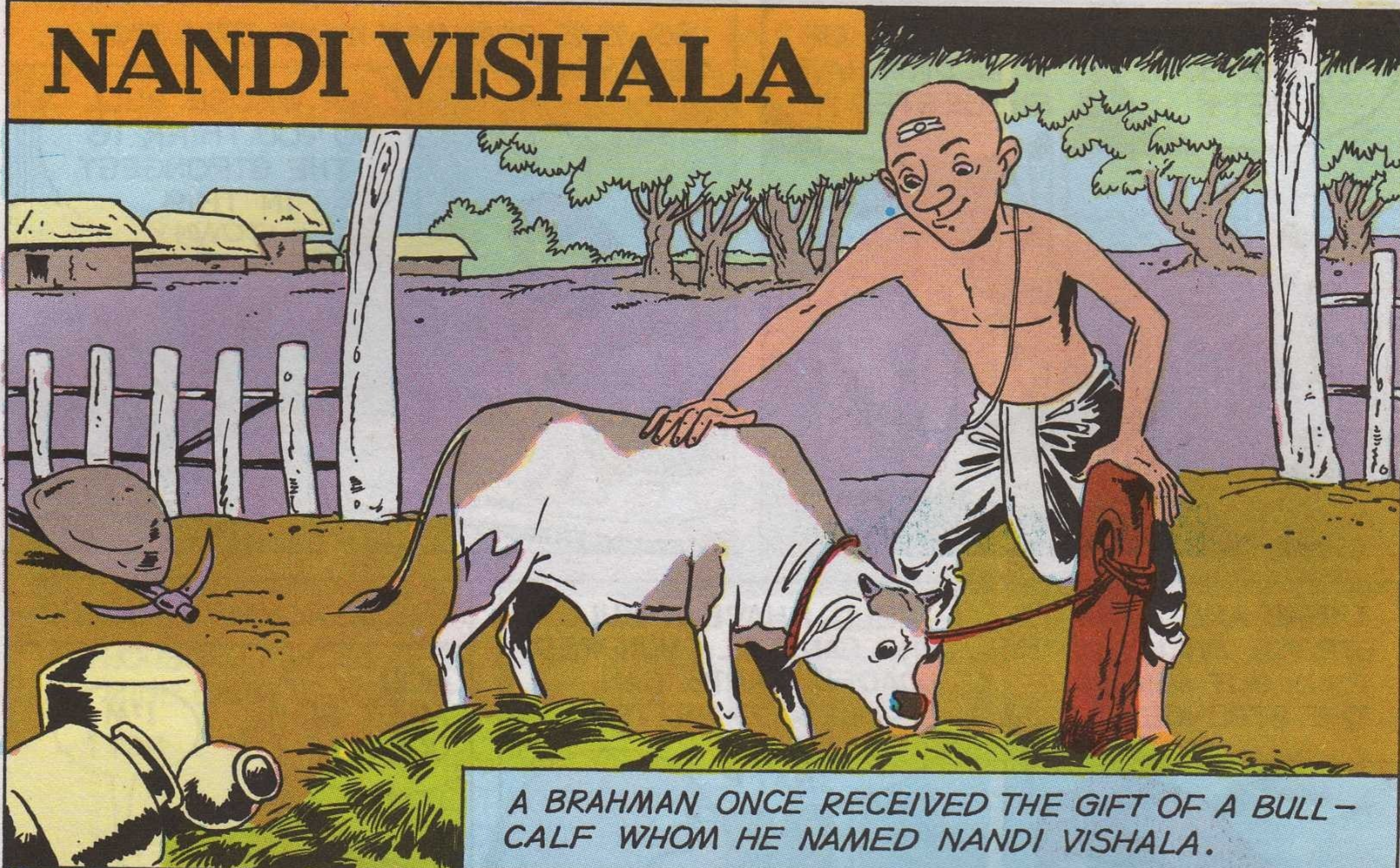
*Over 78 million copies have been sold so far*

**Editor : Anant Pai**

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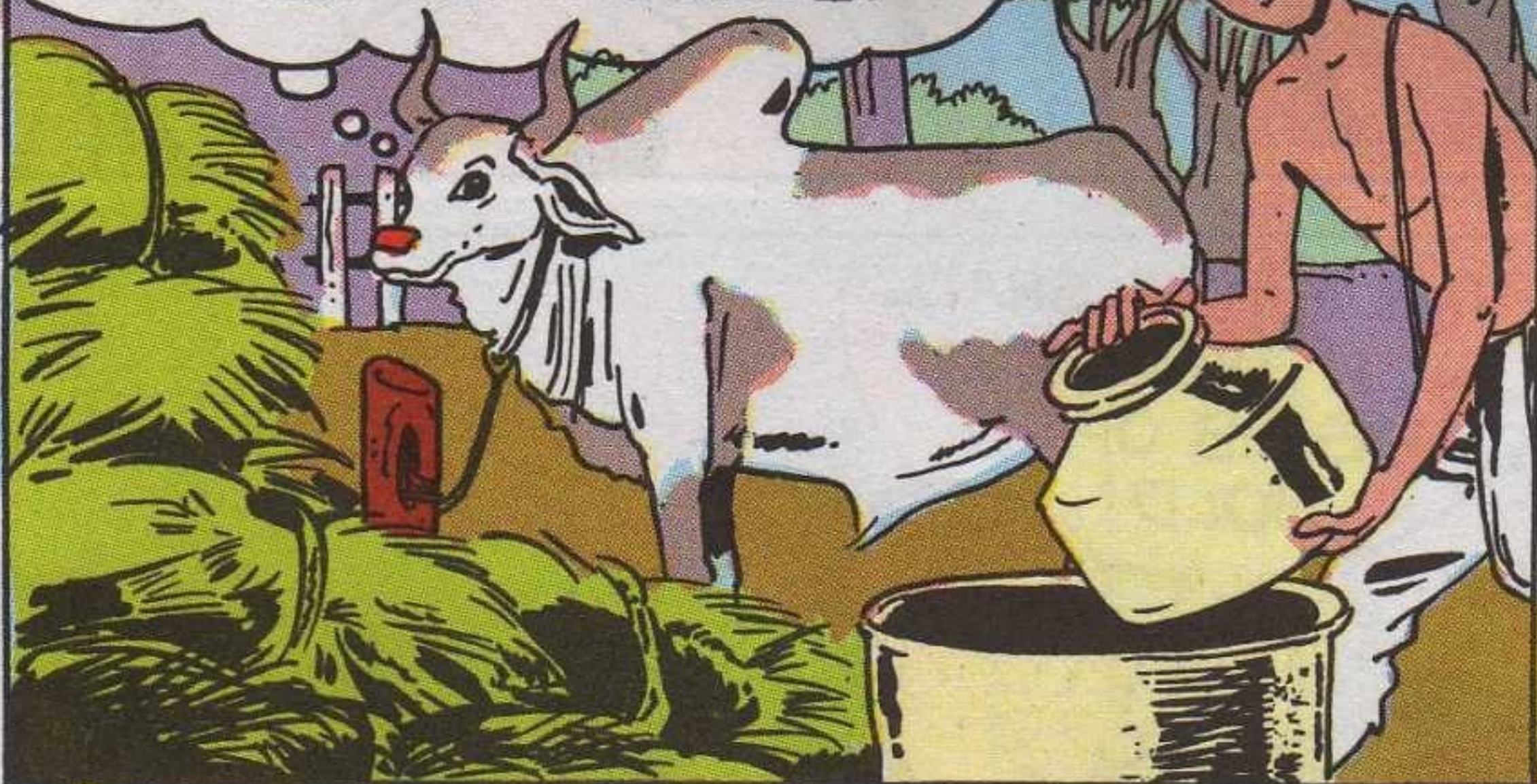
# NANDI VISHALA



A BRAHMAN ONCE RECEIVED THE GIFT OF A BULL-CALF WHOM HE NAMED NANDI VISHALA.

HE LOOKED AFTER IT WELL, AND IT GREW INTO A FINE, STURDY BULL.

THE KIND BRAHMAN HAS BROUGHT ME UP WITH LOVING CARE, AS IF I WERE HIS OWN SON. I MUST REPAY HIM FOR ALL HIS TROUBLE.



ONE DAY —

GO TO A RICH MERCHANT. TELL HIM THAT YOUR BULL CAN DRAW A HUNDRED LOADED CARTS. MAKE A BET ON THAT FOR A THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD.



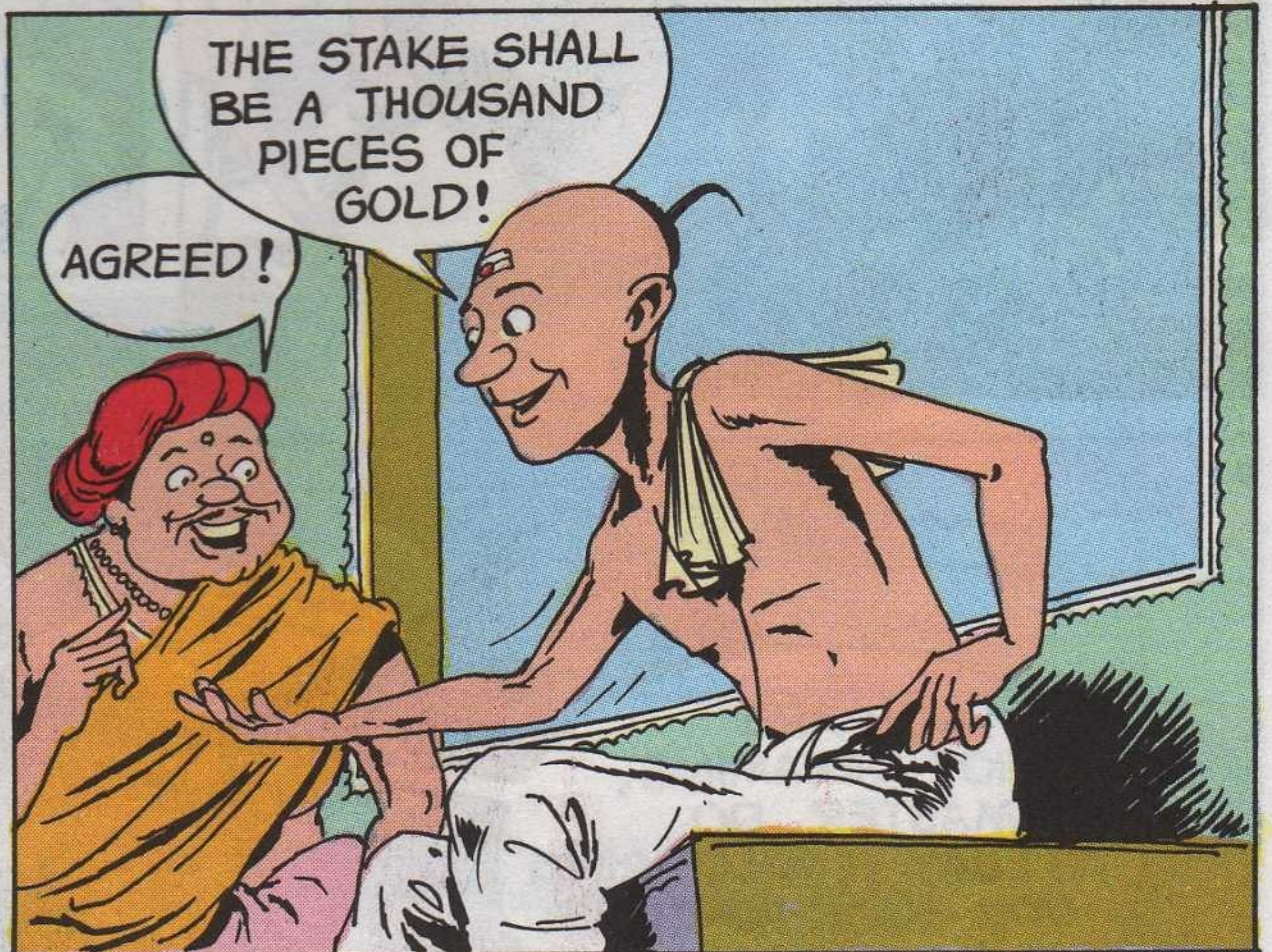
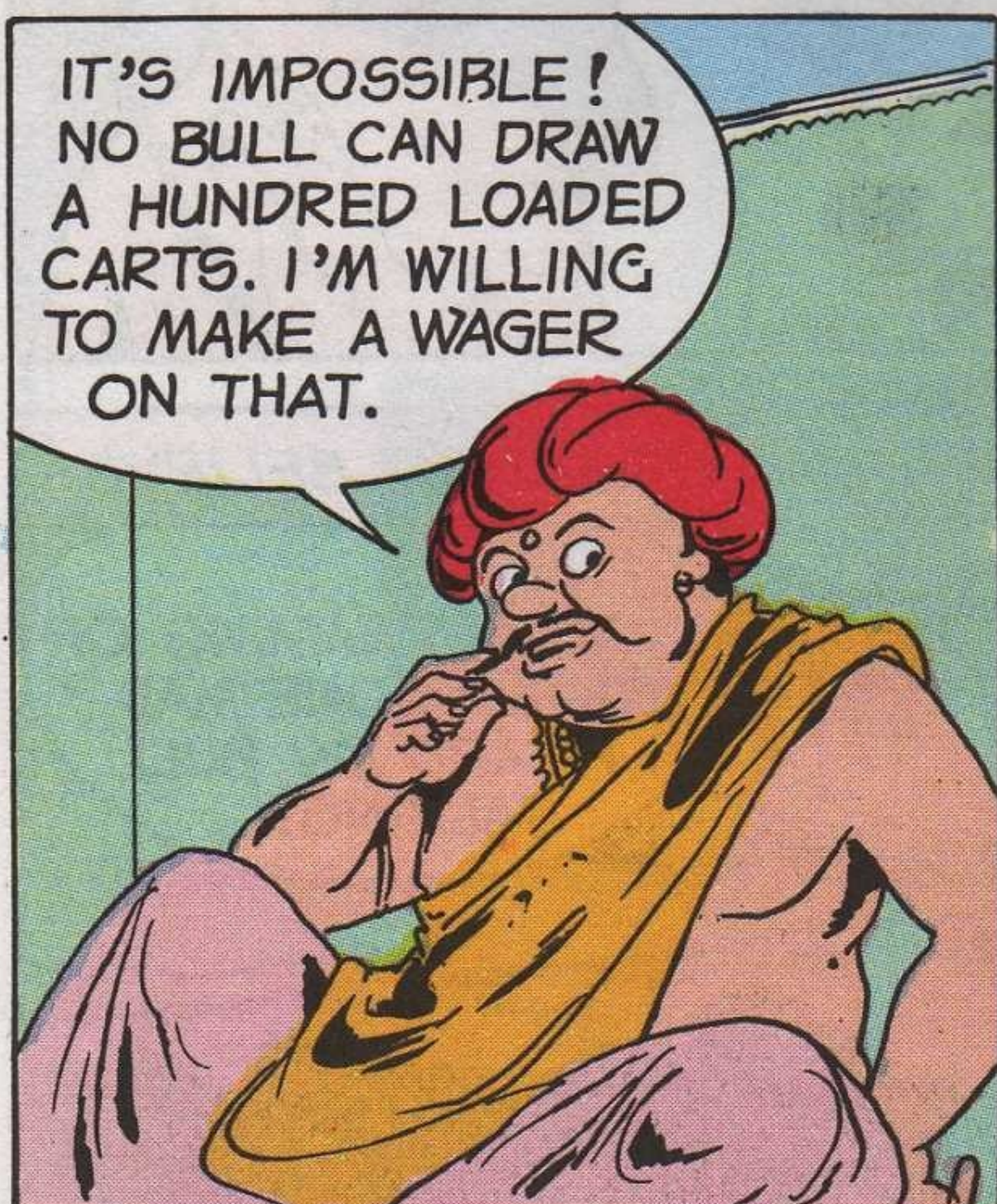
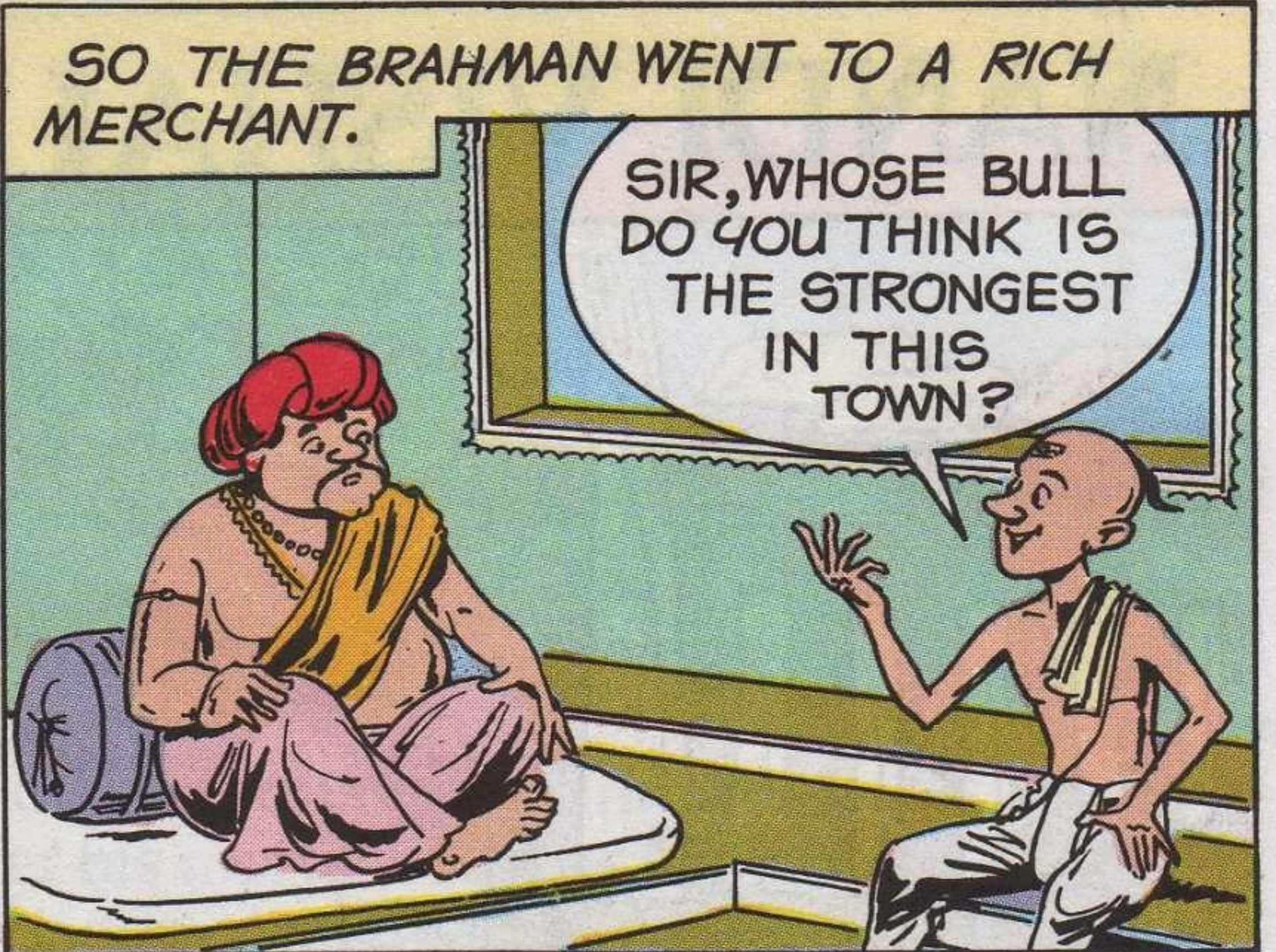
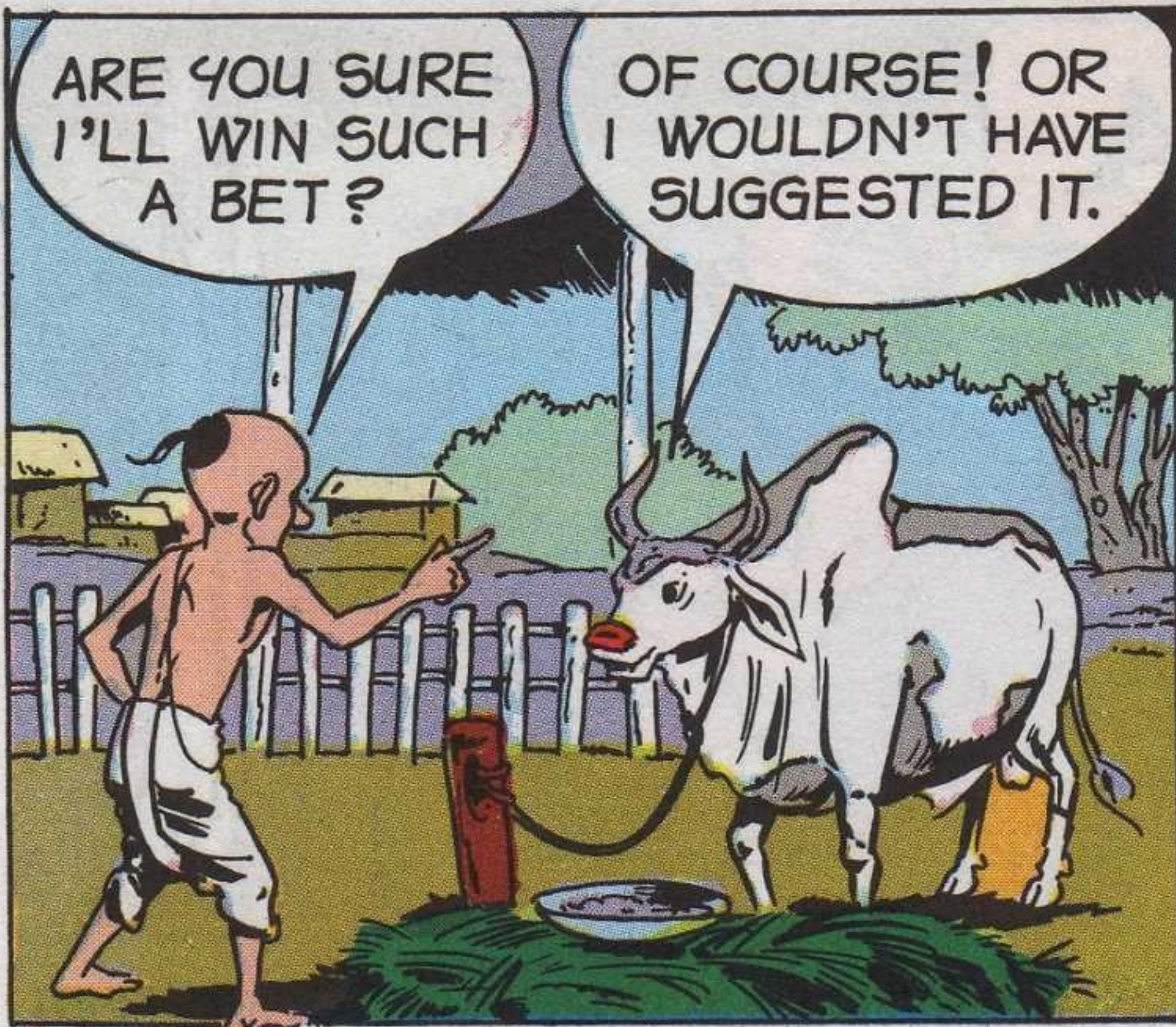
THE BRAHMAN COULD NOT BELIEVE HIS EARS.

AM I DREAMING OR HAVE I GONE MAD? I HEARD MY BULL TALKING!

YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, MASTER. DO AS I SAY. IT WILL BRING YOU GOOD FORTUNE.

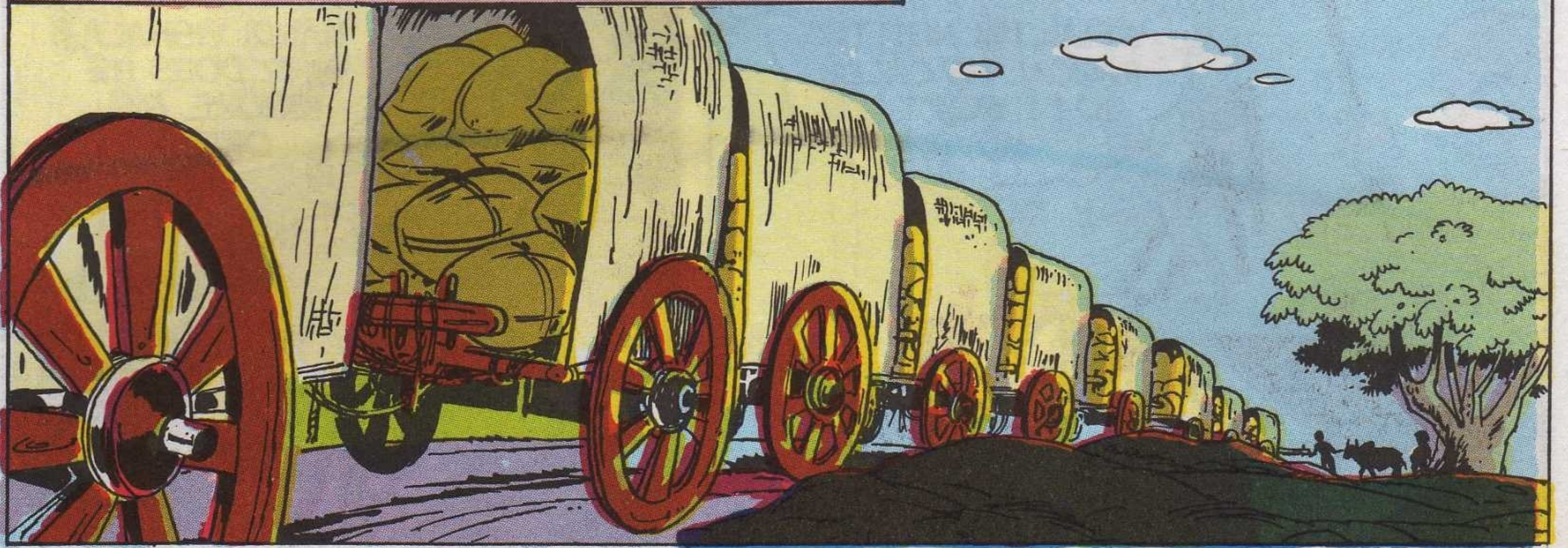








ON THE APPOINTED DAY, THE BRAHMAN WAS READY WITH A HUNDRED CARTS LOADED WITH SAND, GRAVEL AND STONES.



A THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD WILL SOON BE MINE! ADD TO THAT THE THOUSAND I'VE SAVED OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS AND I'LL HAVE TWO THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD!



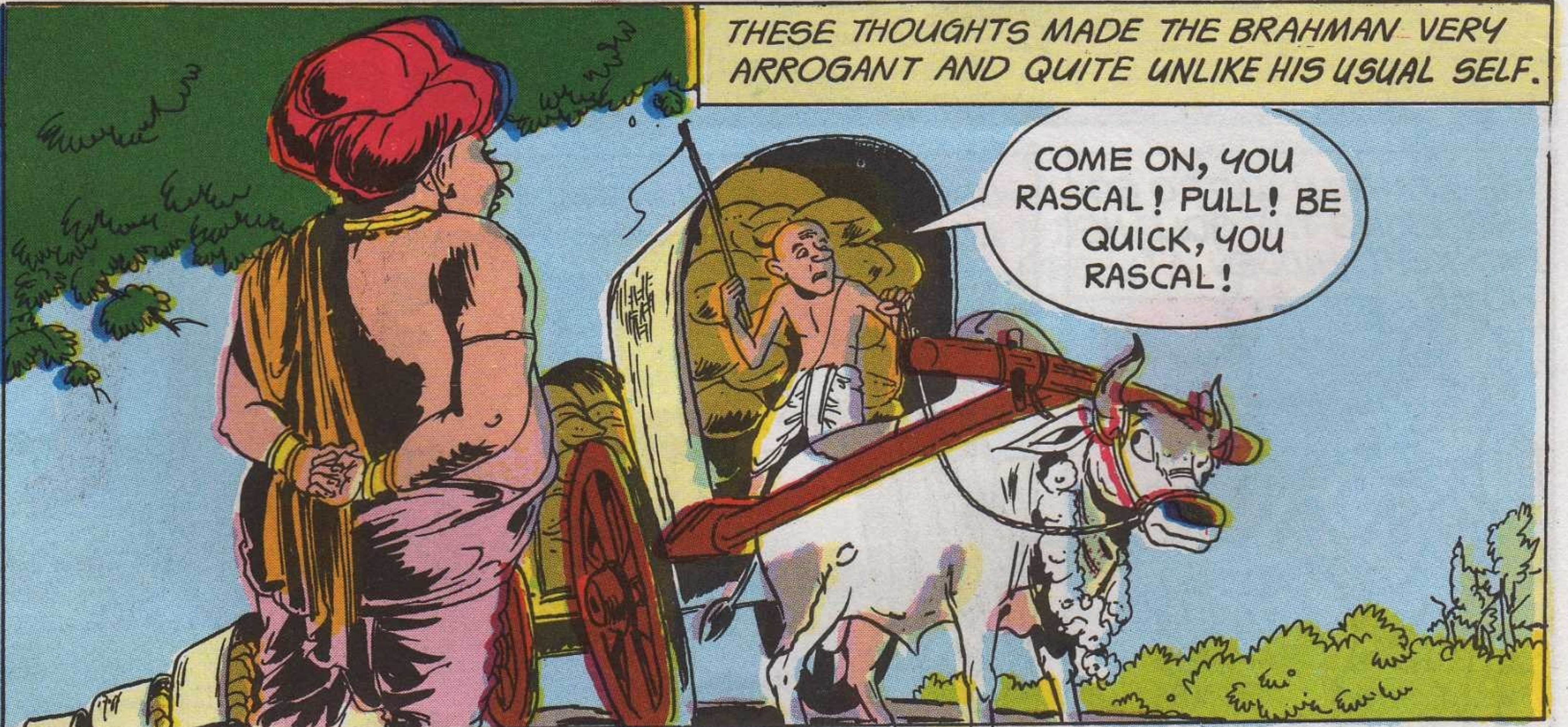
HANGING A GARLAND ROUND NANDI VISHALA'S NECK, HE YOKED HIM TO THE FIRST CART.

WITH THAT MONEY, I'LL BUY MANY MORE BULLS AND MAKE MANY MORE WAGERS TILL I BECOME THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN! EVERYONE WILL HAVE TO BOW TO MY WISHES!



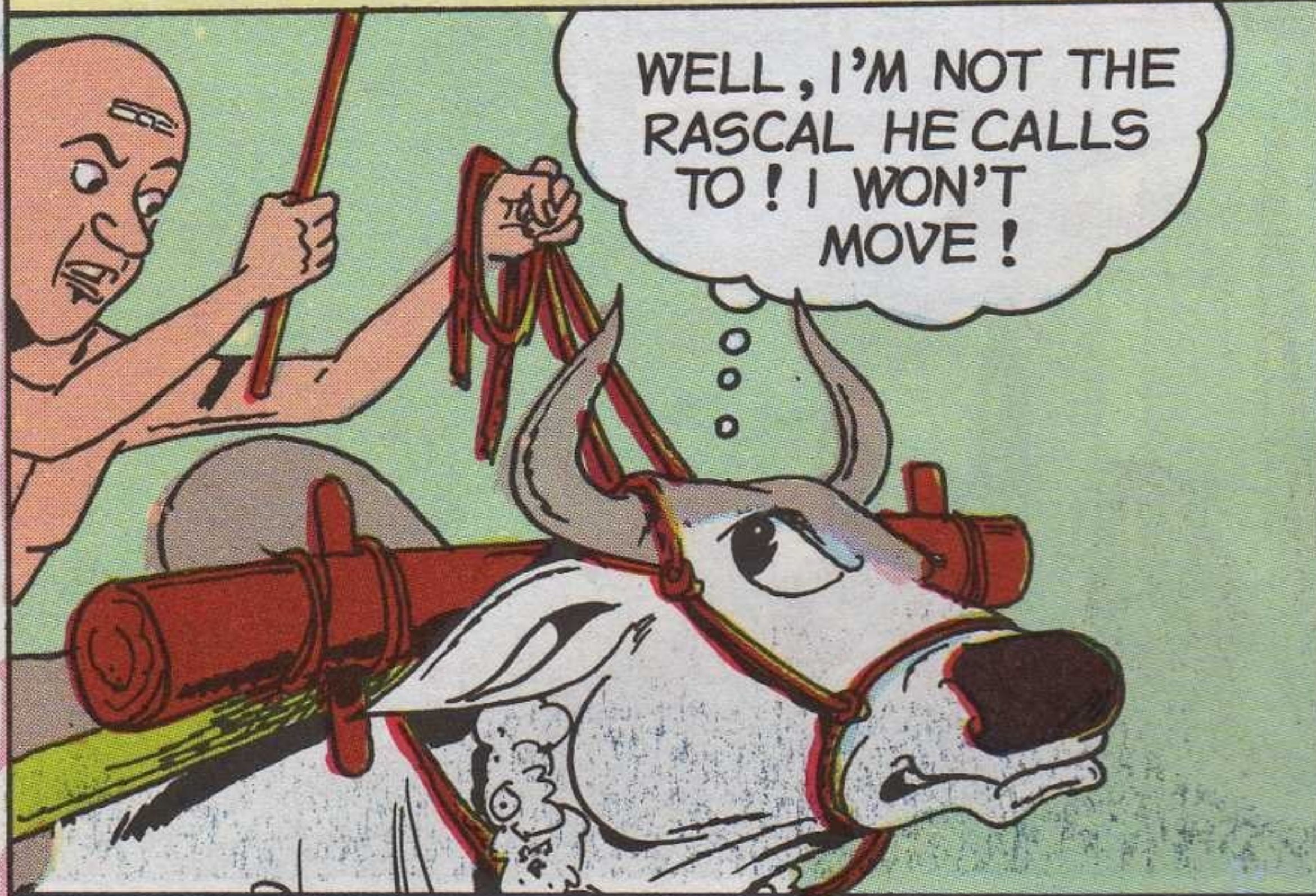
THESE THOUGHTS MADE THE BRAHMAN VERY ARROGANT AND QUITE UNLIKE HIS USUAL SELF.

COME ON, YOU RASCAL! PULL! BE QUICK, YOU RASCAL!

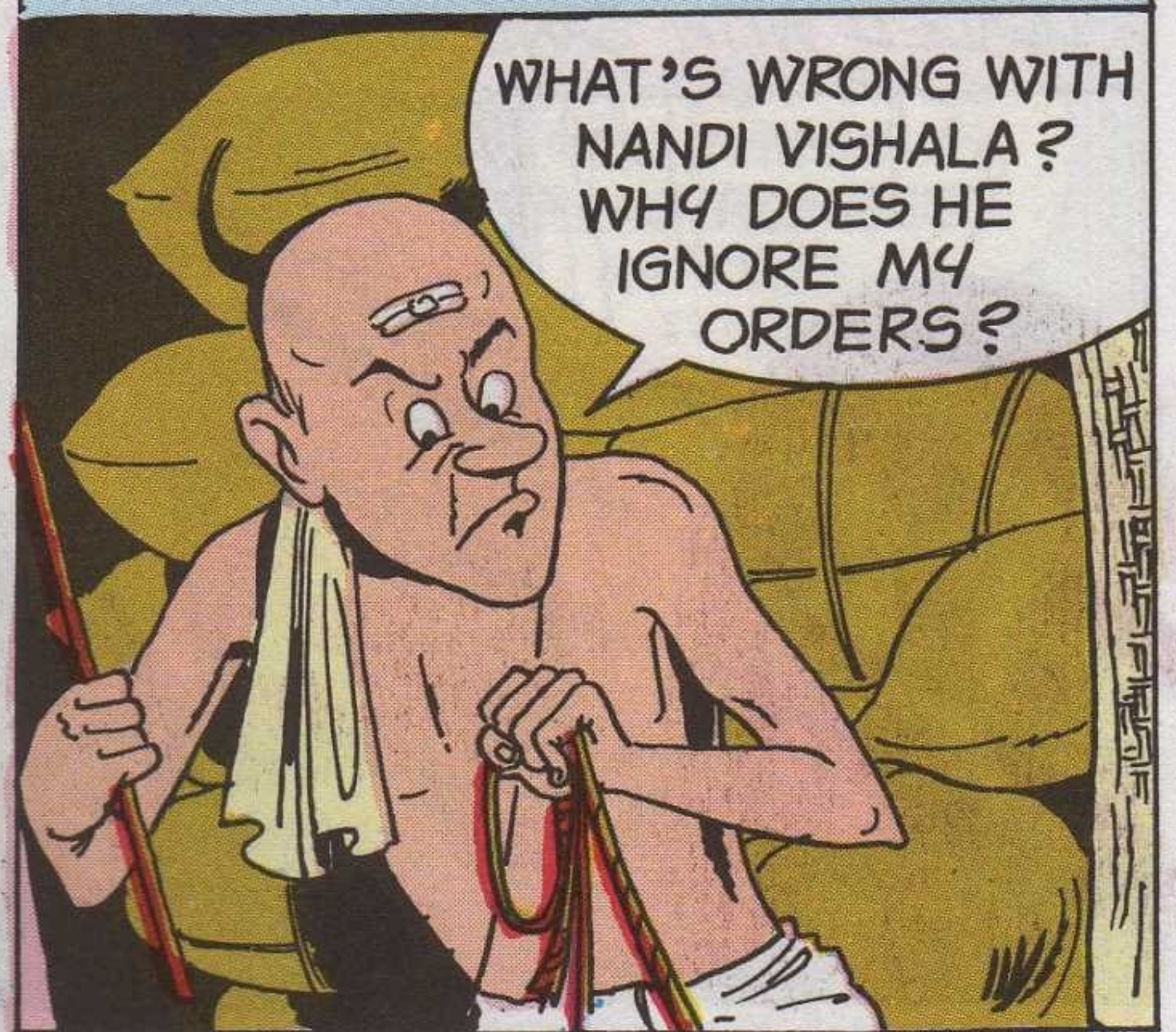




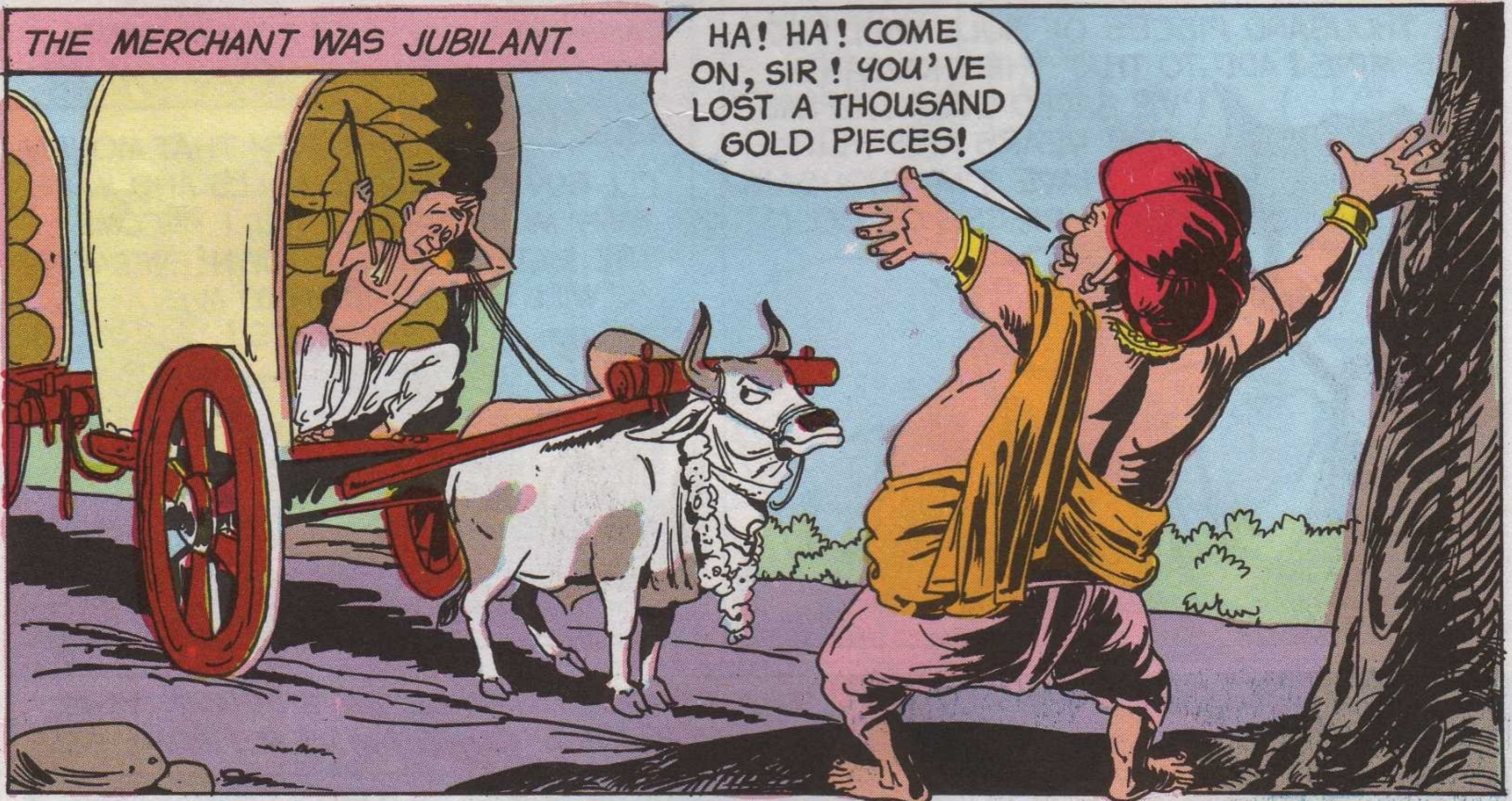
THE BULL WAS SHOCKED BY HIS BELOVED MASTER'S WORDS AND BEHAVIOUR.



THE BRAHMAN BECAME FRANTIC.



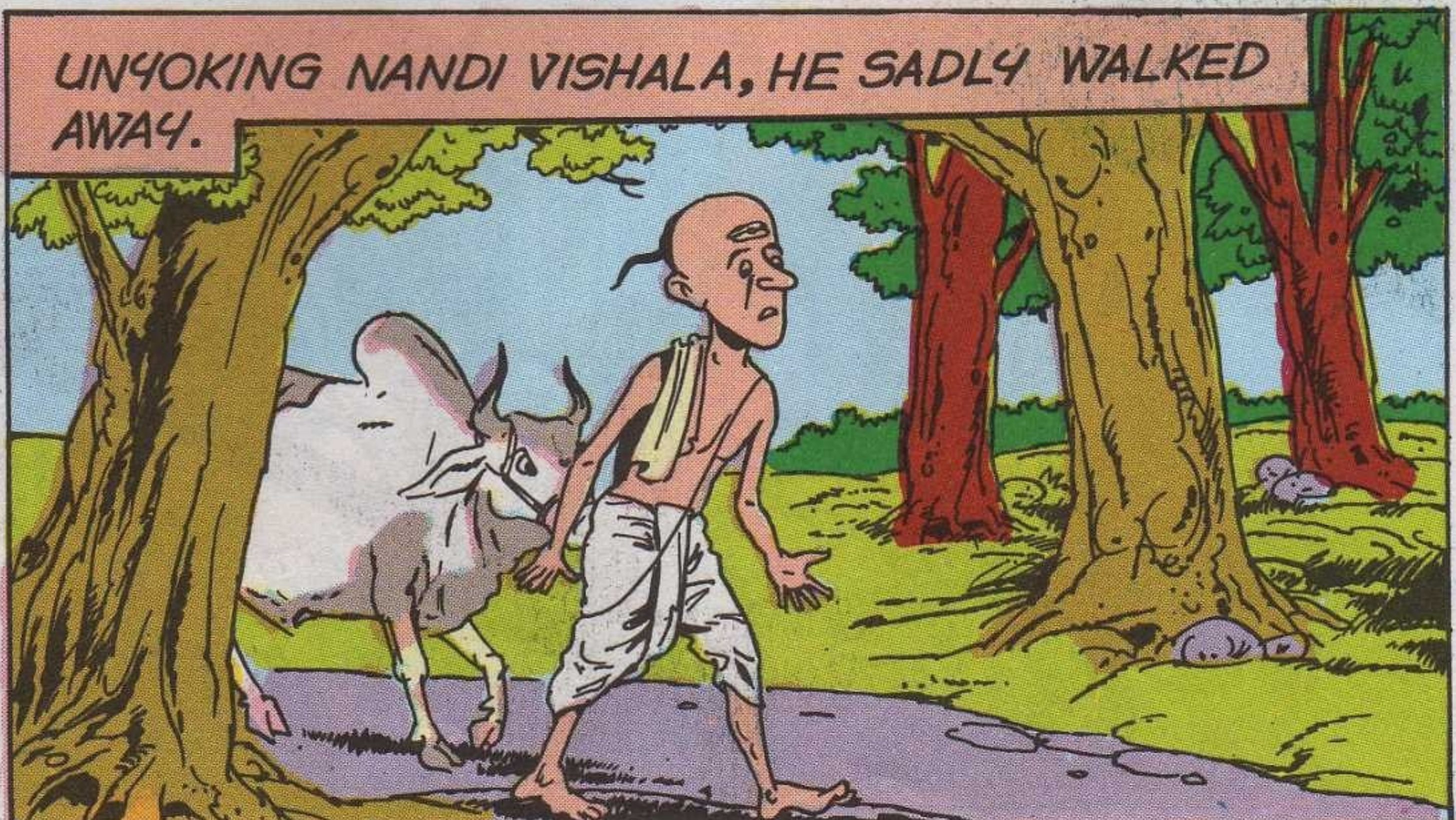
THE MERCHANT WAS JUBILANT.



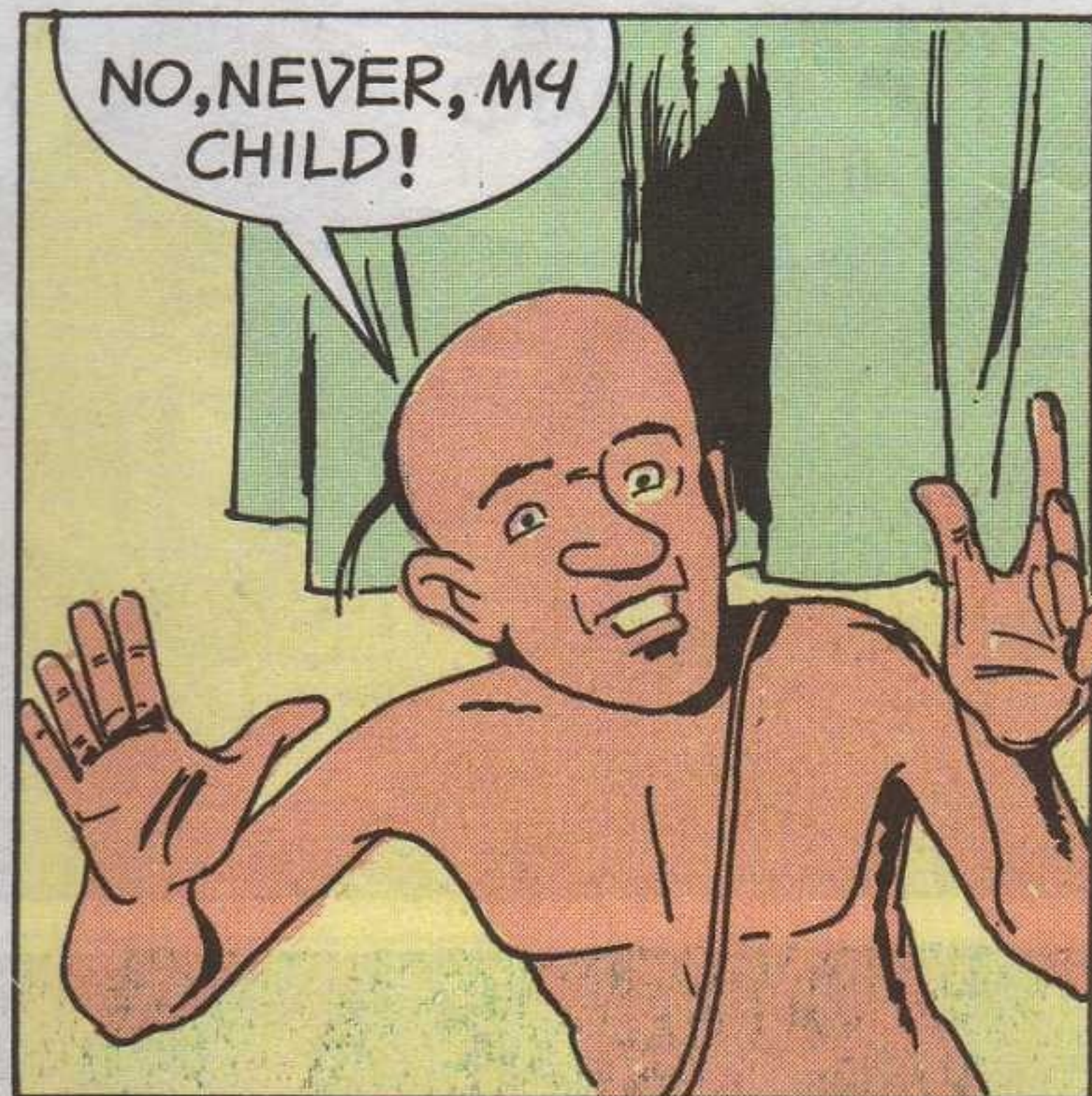
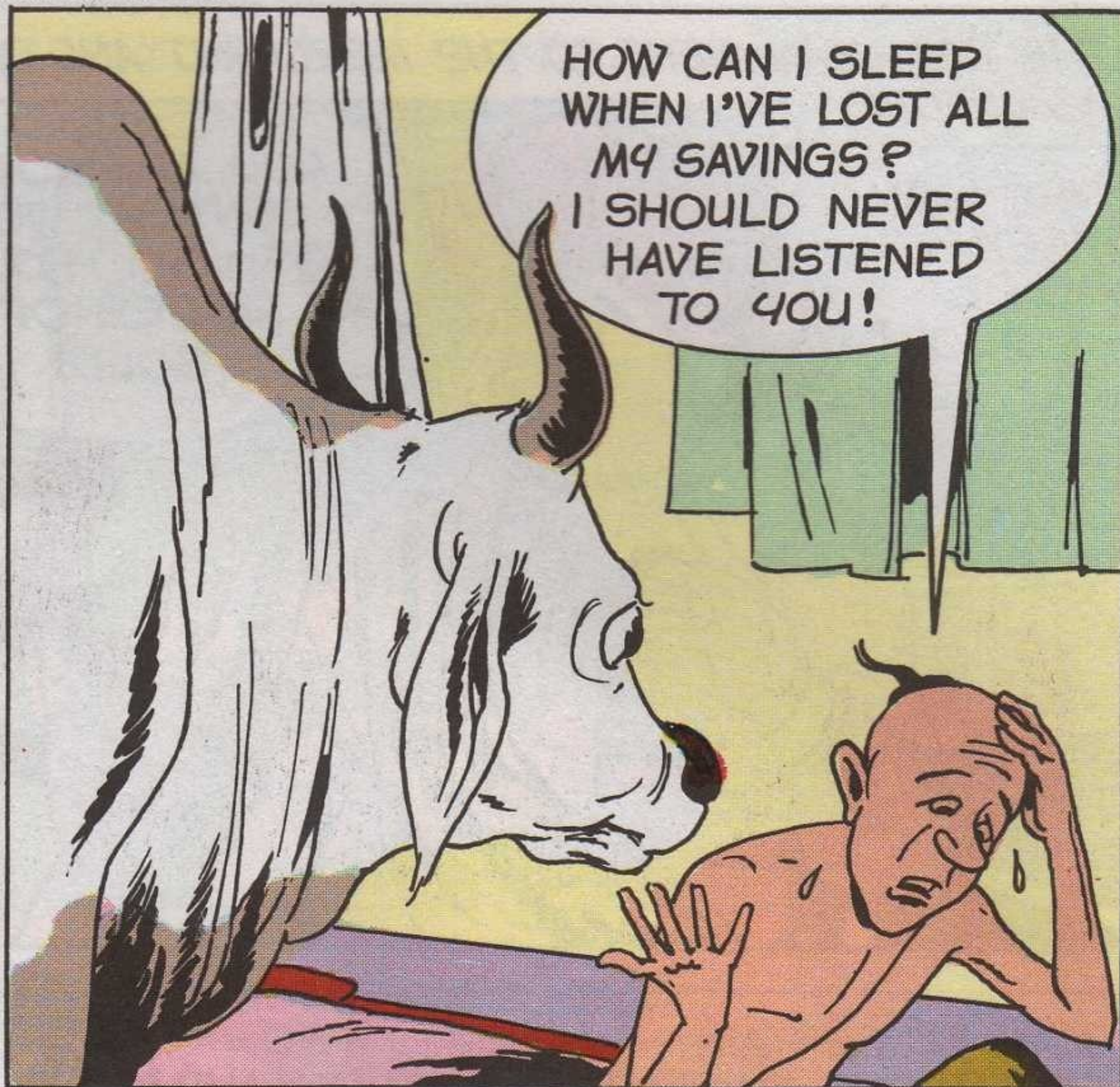
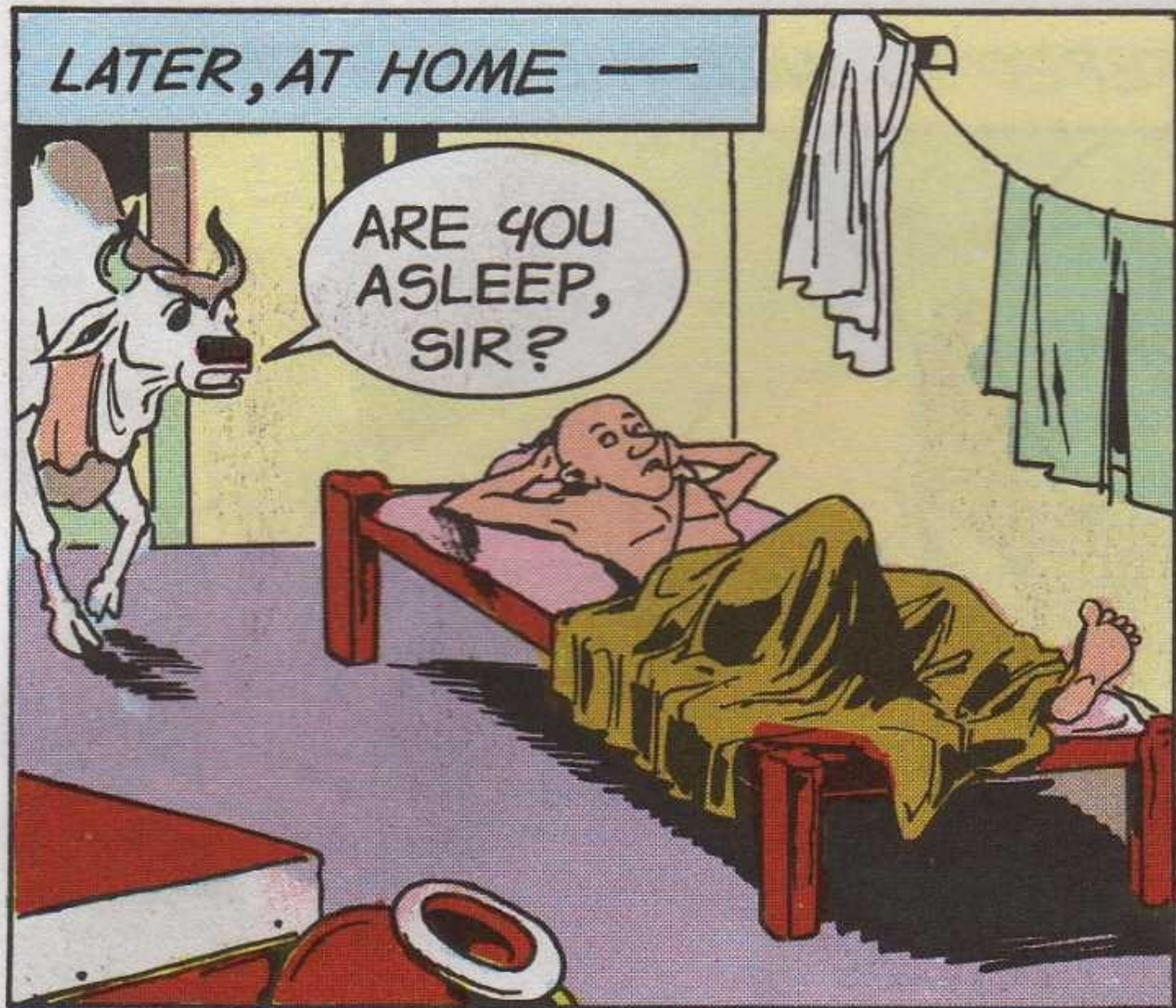
THE BRAHMAN HAD TO GO AND BRING THE GOLD HE HAD KEPT HIDDEN AT HOME.



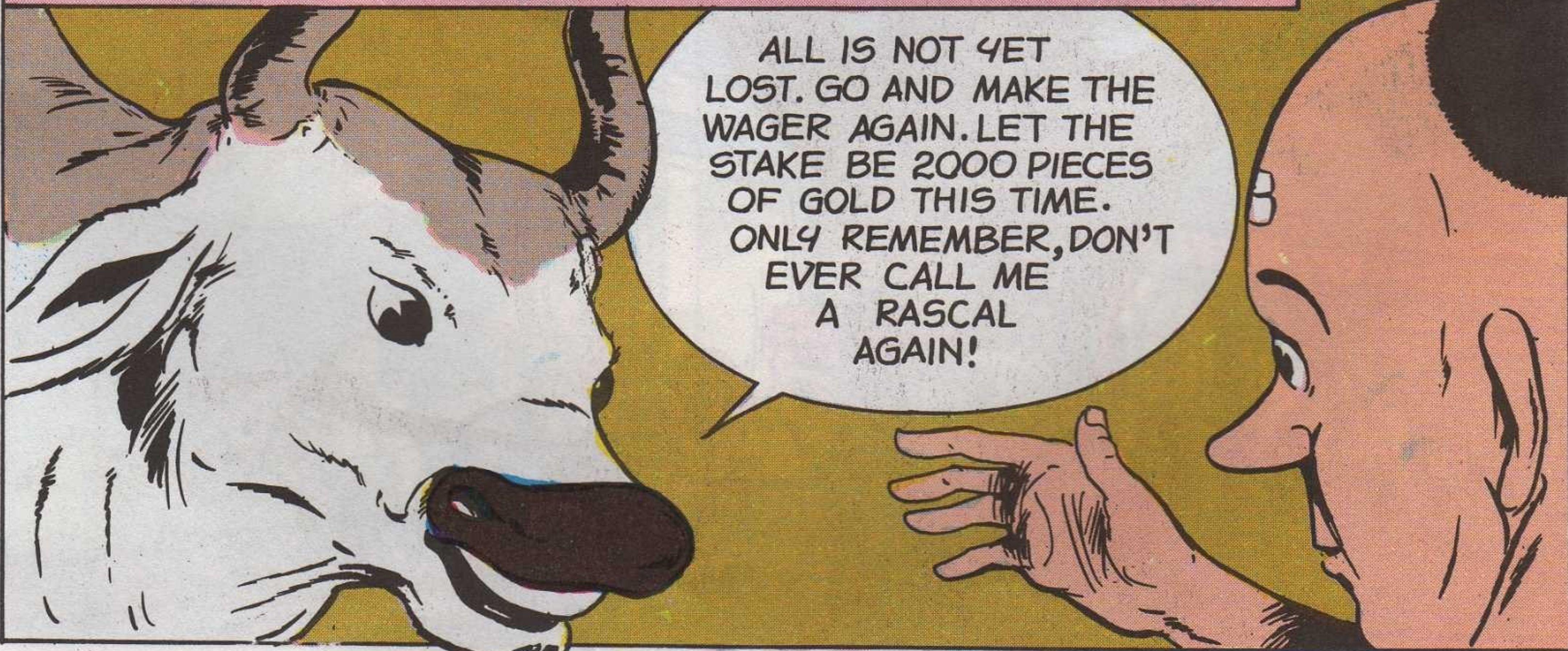
UNYOKING NANDI VISHALA, HE SADLY WALKED AWAY.





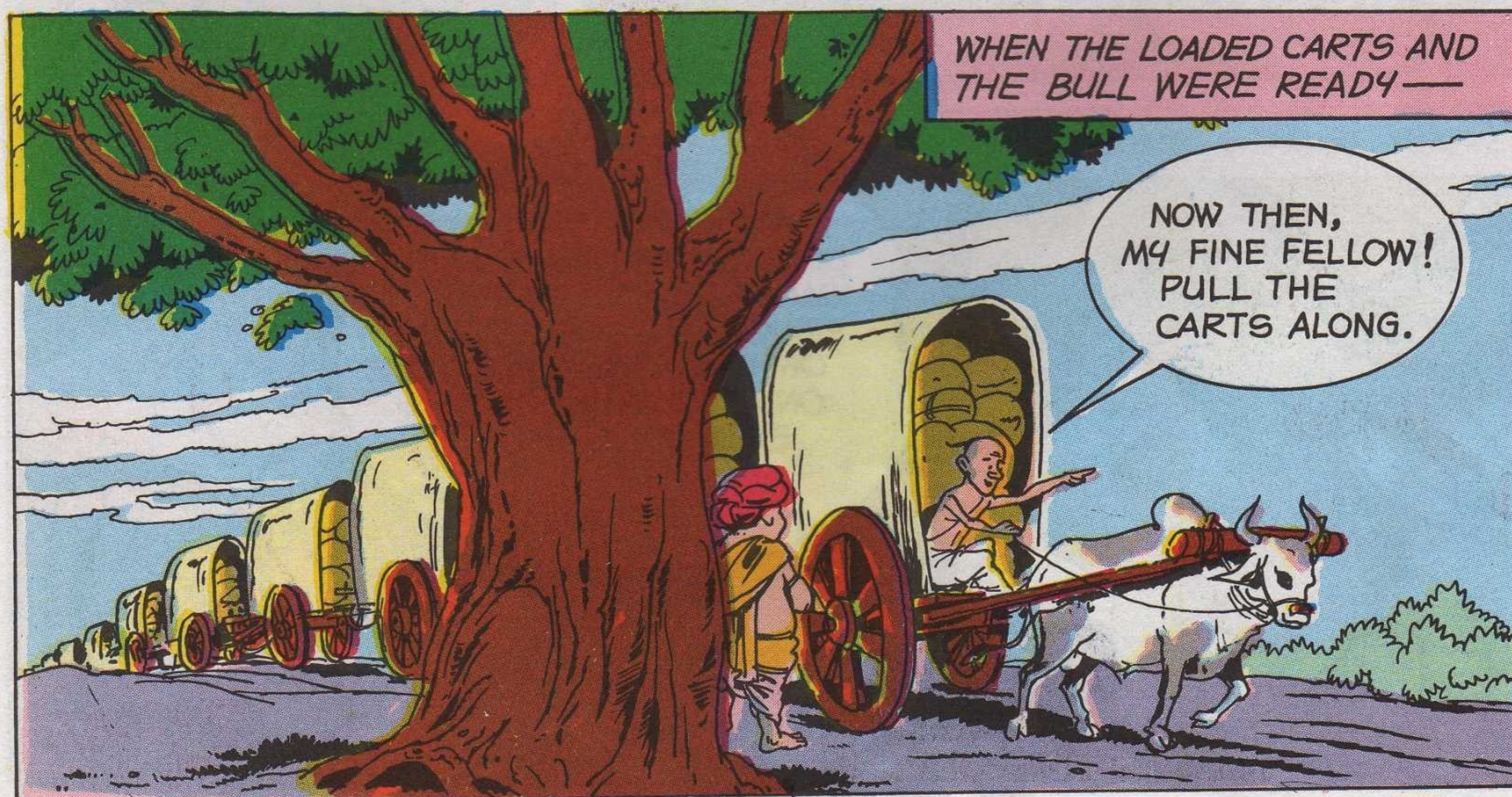


NANDI VISHALA IMMEDIATELY FELT SORRY FOR THE BRAHMAN.



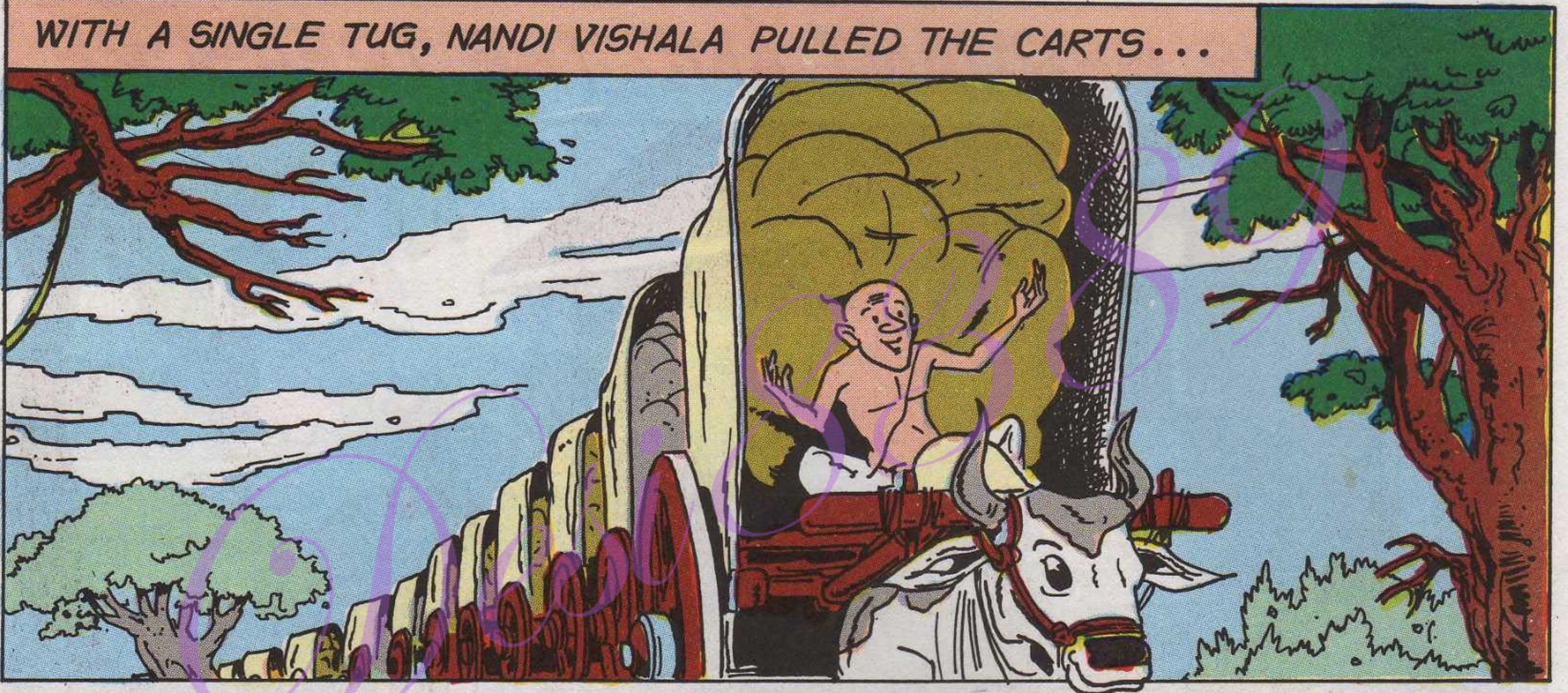


THE BRAHMAN WENT TO THE MERCHANT AND OFFERED TO MAKE THE SAME WAGER AS BEFORE —

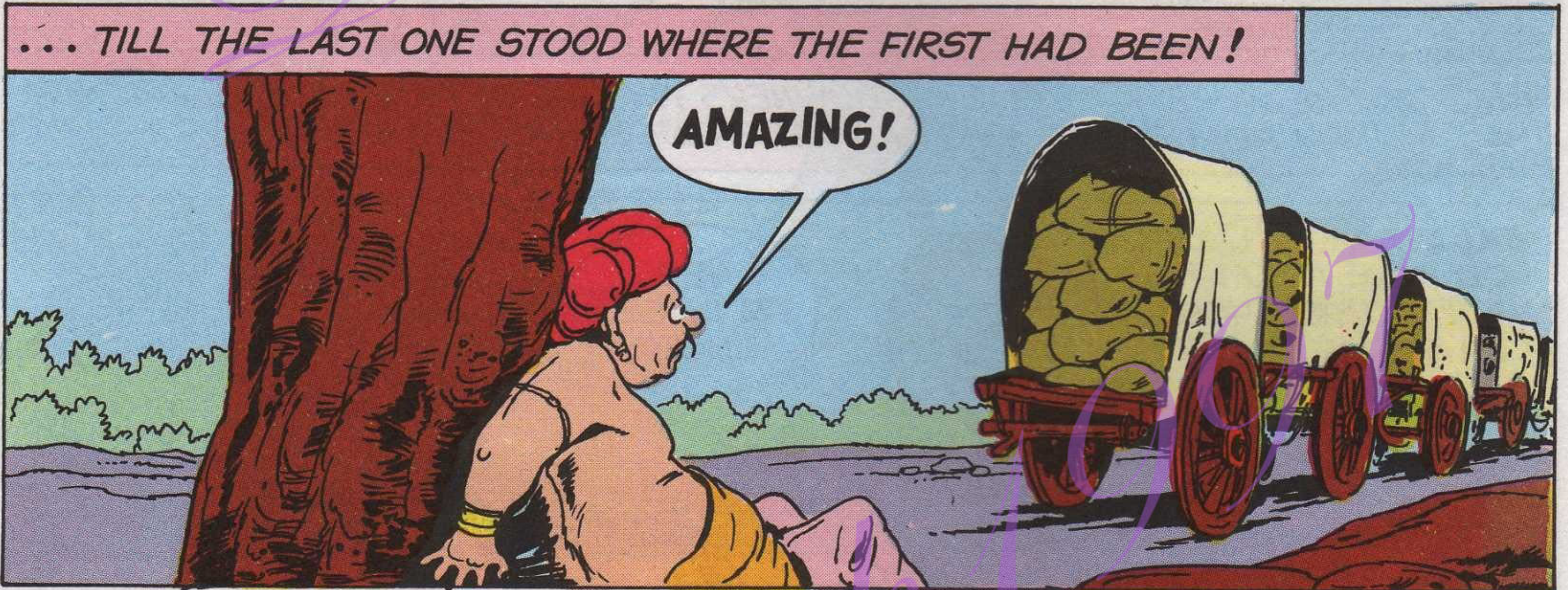




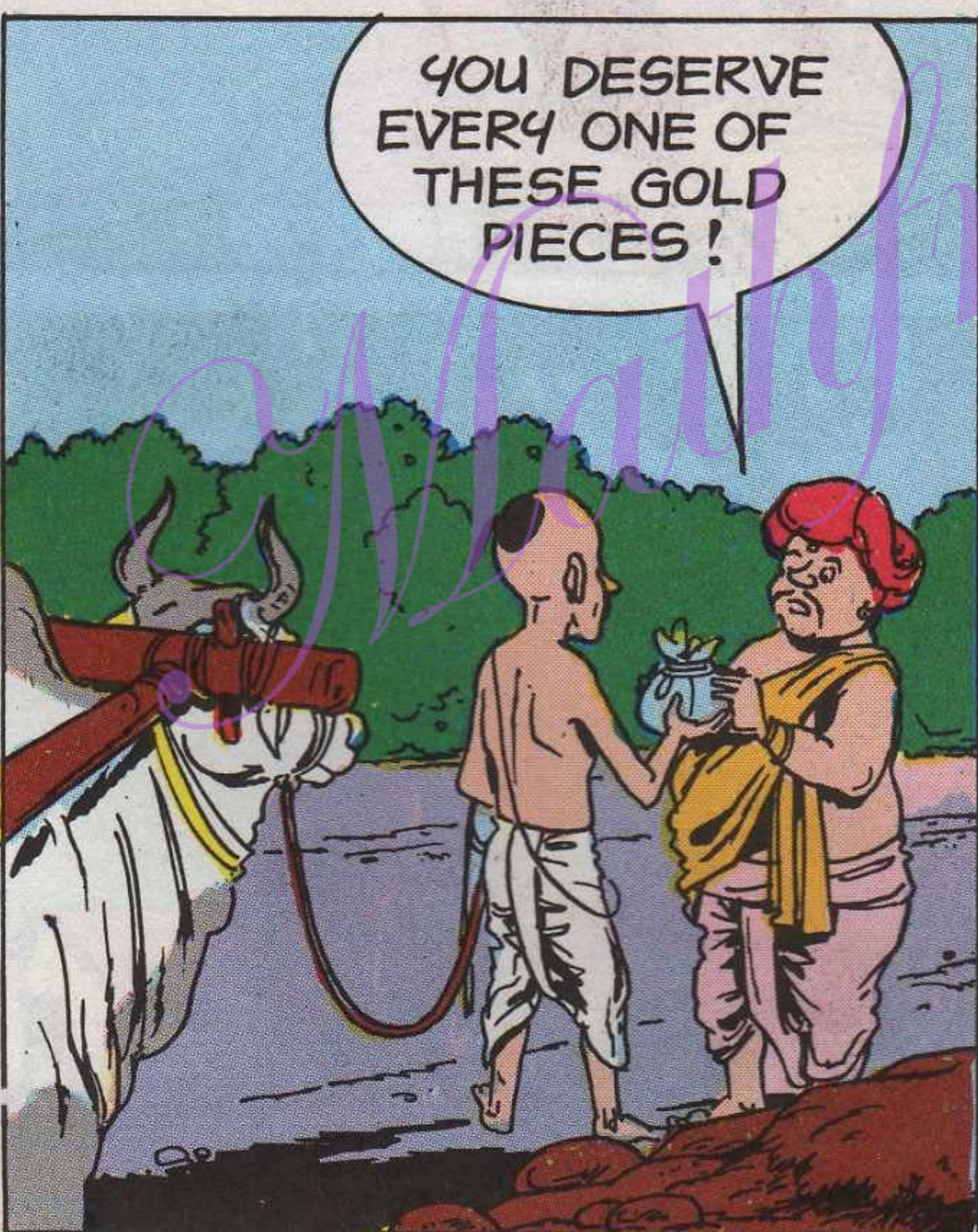
WITH A SINGLE TUG, NANDI VISHALA PULLED THE CARTS...



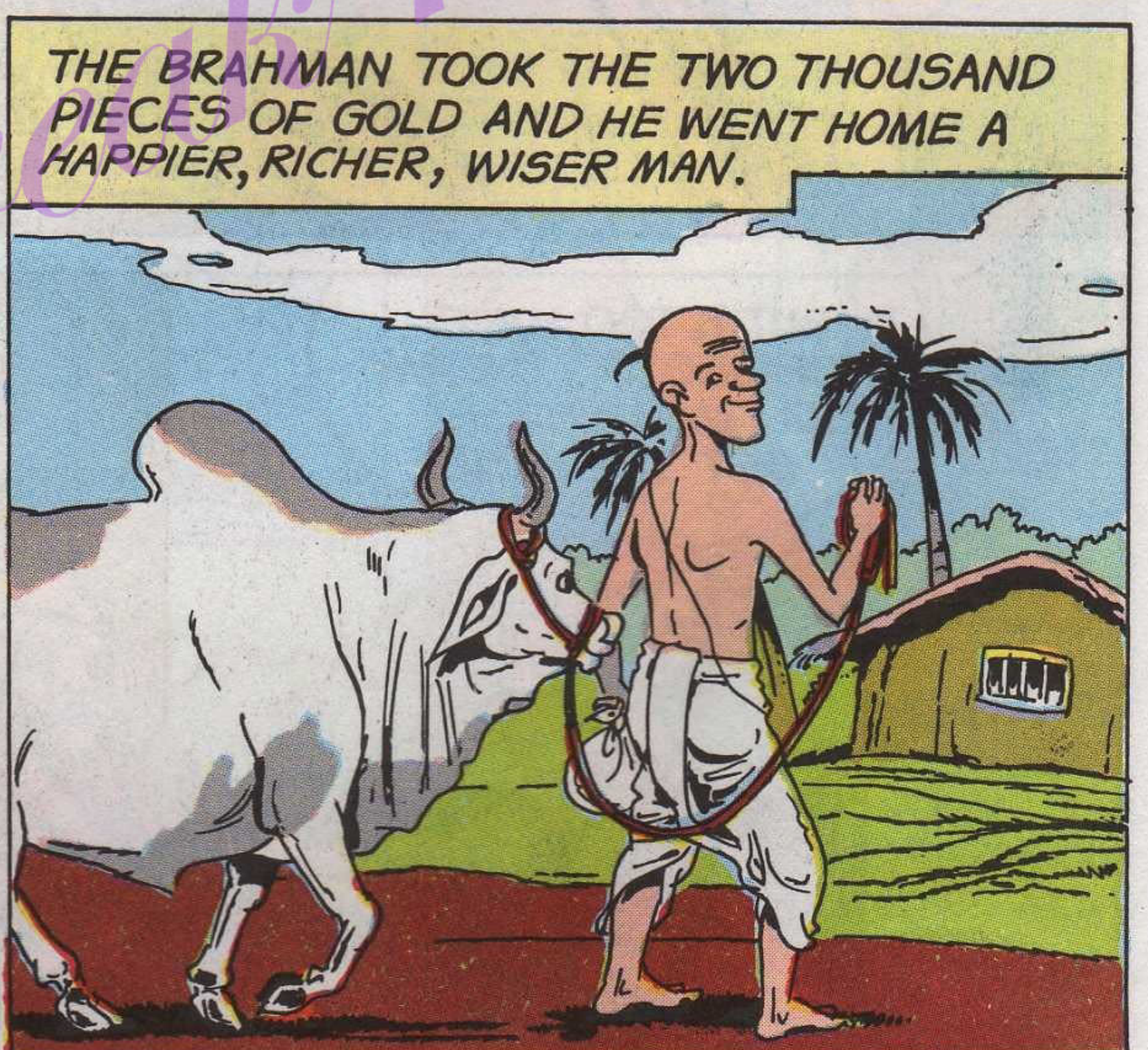
... TILL THE LAST ONE STOOD WHERE THE FIRST HAD BEEN!



YOU DESERVE EVERY ONE OF THESE GOLD PIECES!

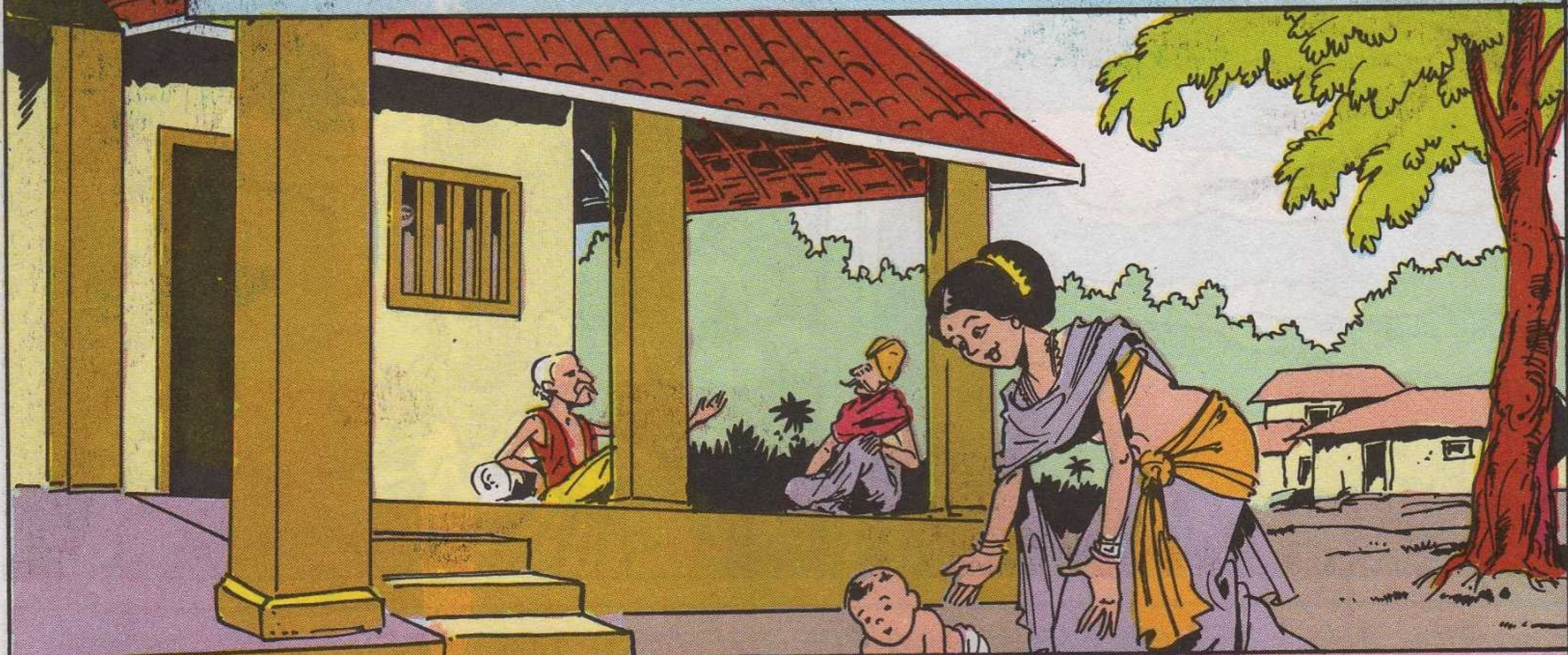


THE BRAHMAN TOOK THE TWO THOUSAND PIECES OF GOLD AND HE WENT HOME A HAPPIER, RICHER, WISER MAN.





# THE SERVANT AND THE TREASURE



ONCE THERE WERE TWO OLD LANDOWNERS WHO WERE FRIENDS. ONE OF THEM HAD A VERY YOUNG WIFE WHO HAD RECENTLY BORNE HIM A SON.

YOU ARE VERY LUCKY. YOU HAVE A SON AND HEIR TO WHOM YOU CAN BEQUEATH YOUR FORTUNE.

YES, I'M INDEED LUCKY.

BUT I, TOO, HAVE WORRIES. IF I DIE, MY SON MAY NEVER GET THE MONEY.



WOULDN'T THE SAFEST COURSE BE TO BURY MY MONEY IN THE FOREST?

IT WOULD CERTAINLY BE A WISE THING TO DO.

SO, TAKING A HOUSEHOLD SERVANT CALLED NANDA INTO HIS CONFIDENCE, THE LANDOWNER WENT TO A NEARBY FOREST AND BURIED HIS TREASURE AT A CERTAIN SPOT.



MY GOOD NANDA, WHEN MY SON COMES OF AGE, SHOW HIM THIS TREASURE. NO ONE ELSE SHOULD BE TOLD ABOUT IT.



THE OLD MAN DIED SOON AFTER. MANY YEARS LATER, HIS SON, NOW A YOUNG MAN, MET HIS FATHER'S FRIEND.

MY FATHER WAS A RICH MAN. BUT THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH MONEY LEFT TO MANAGE THE ESTATE.

BUT HE DID LEAVE A LOT OF MONEY FOR YOU, SON. DIDN'T YOU KNOW THAT?

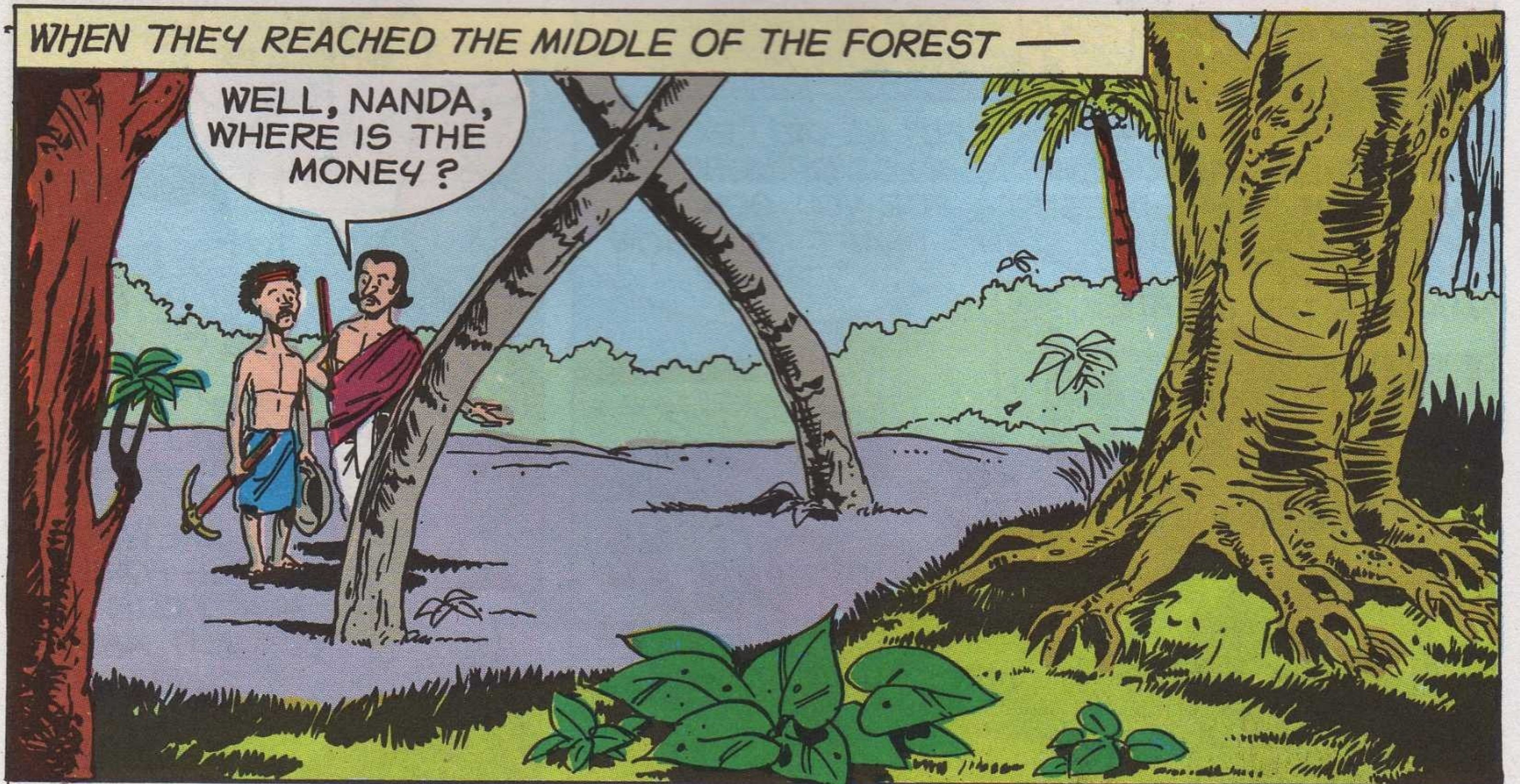
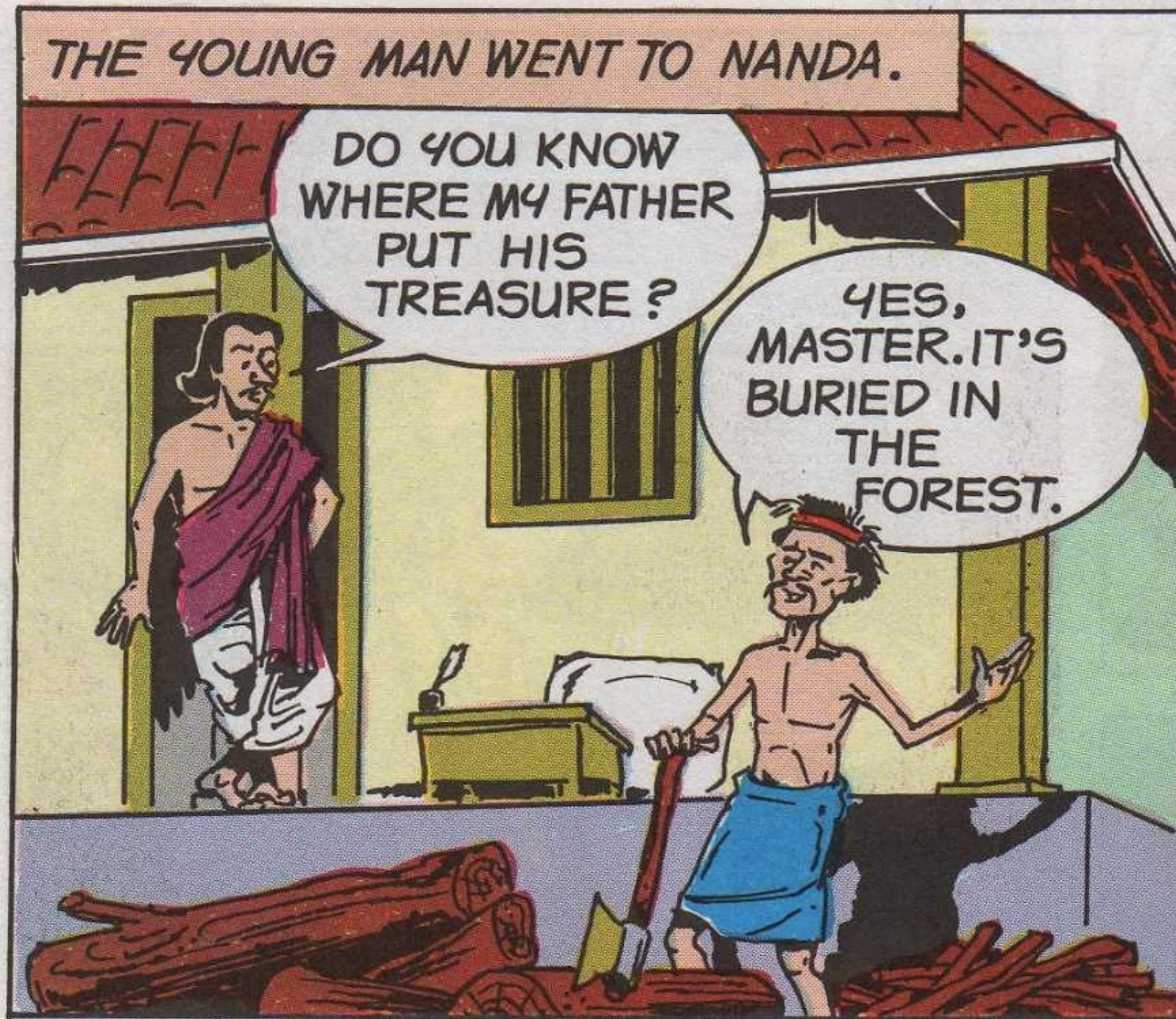


NO! WHERE IS IT?

SOMEWHERE IN THE FOREST. ASK YOUR SERVANT, NANDA. HE KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT.



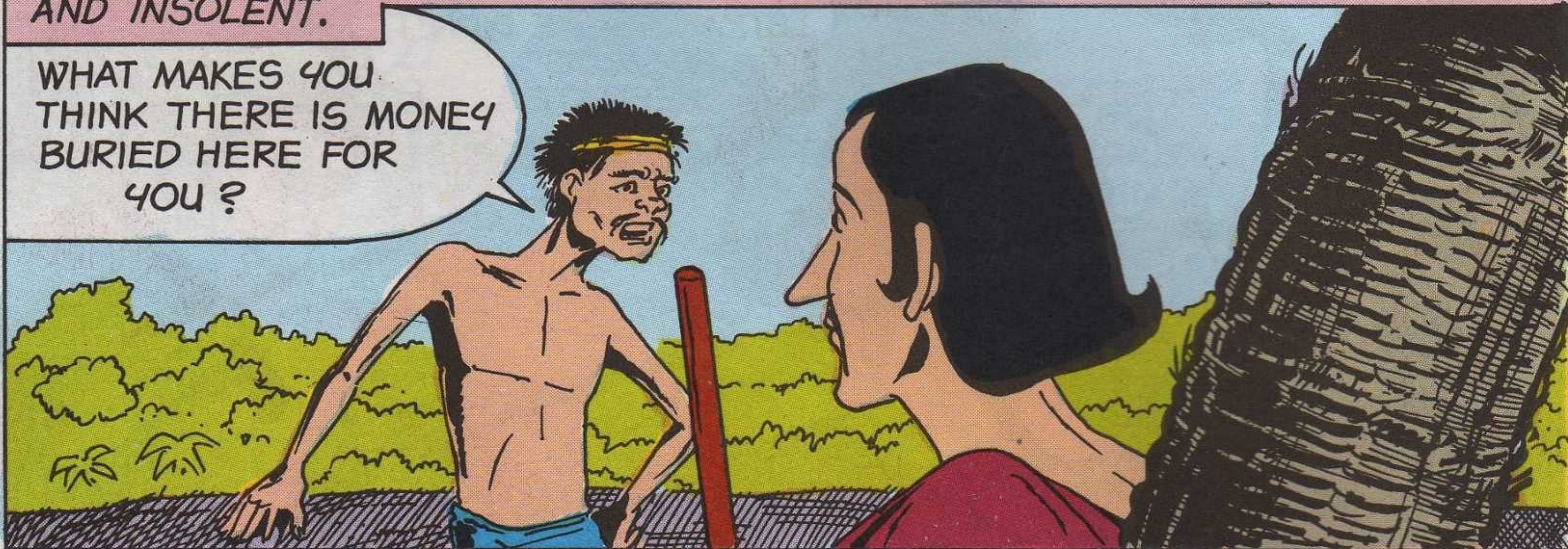






SUDDENLY NANDA WHO HAD BEEN DOCILE FOR YEARS, TURNED ARROGANT AND INSOLENT.

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THERE IS MONEY BURIED HERE FOR YOU?

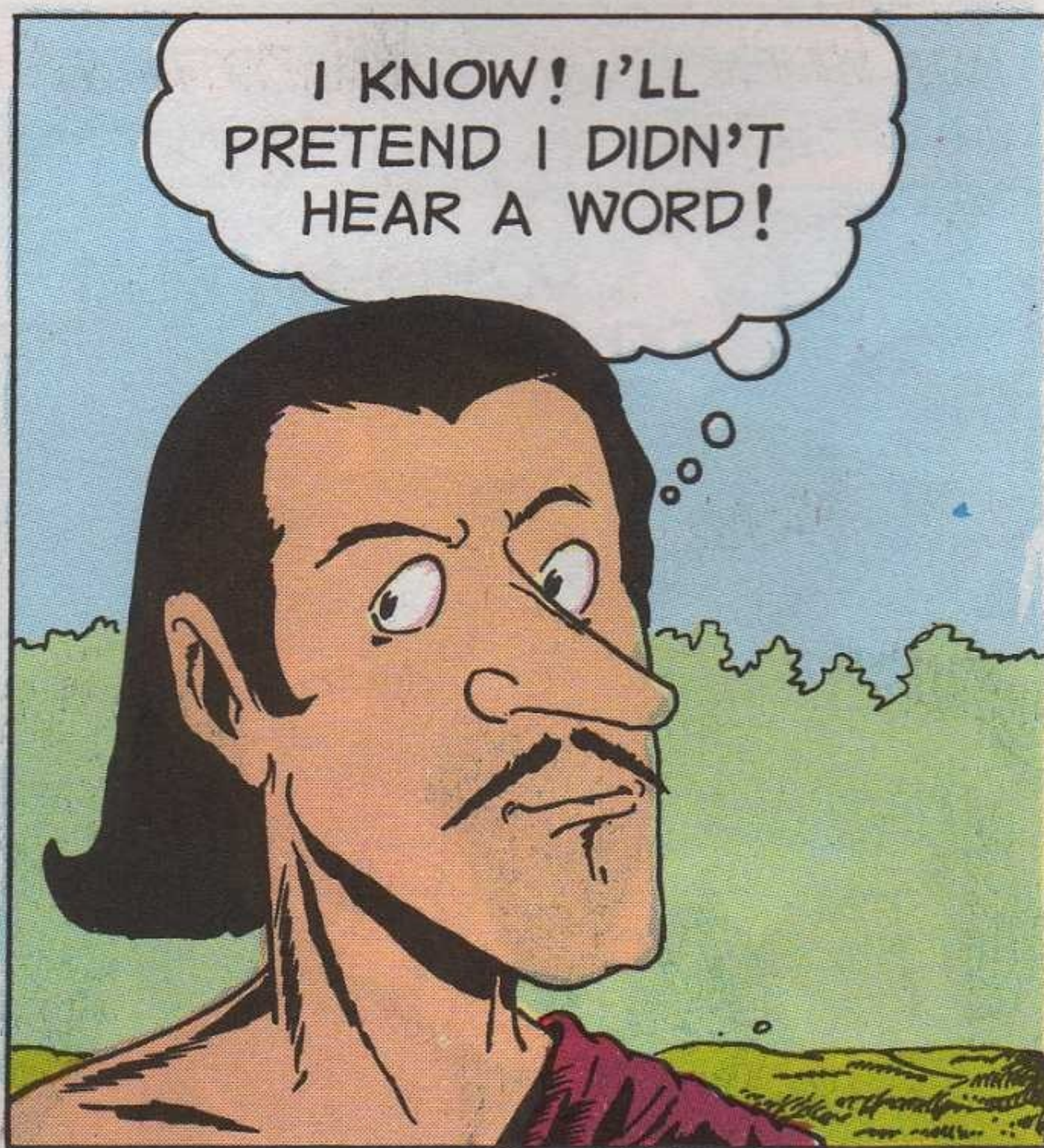


THE YOUNG MAN WAS TAKEN ABACK.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH HIM? I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT SHALL I DO?



I KNOW! I'LL PRETEND I DIDN'T HEAR A WORD!



HE TURNED CALMLY TO NANDA.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO HOME THEN.

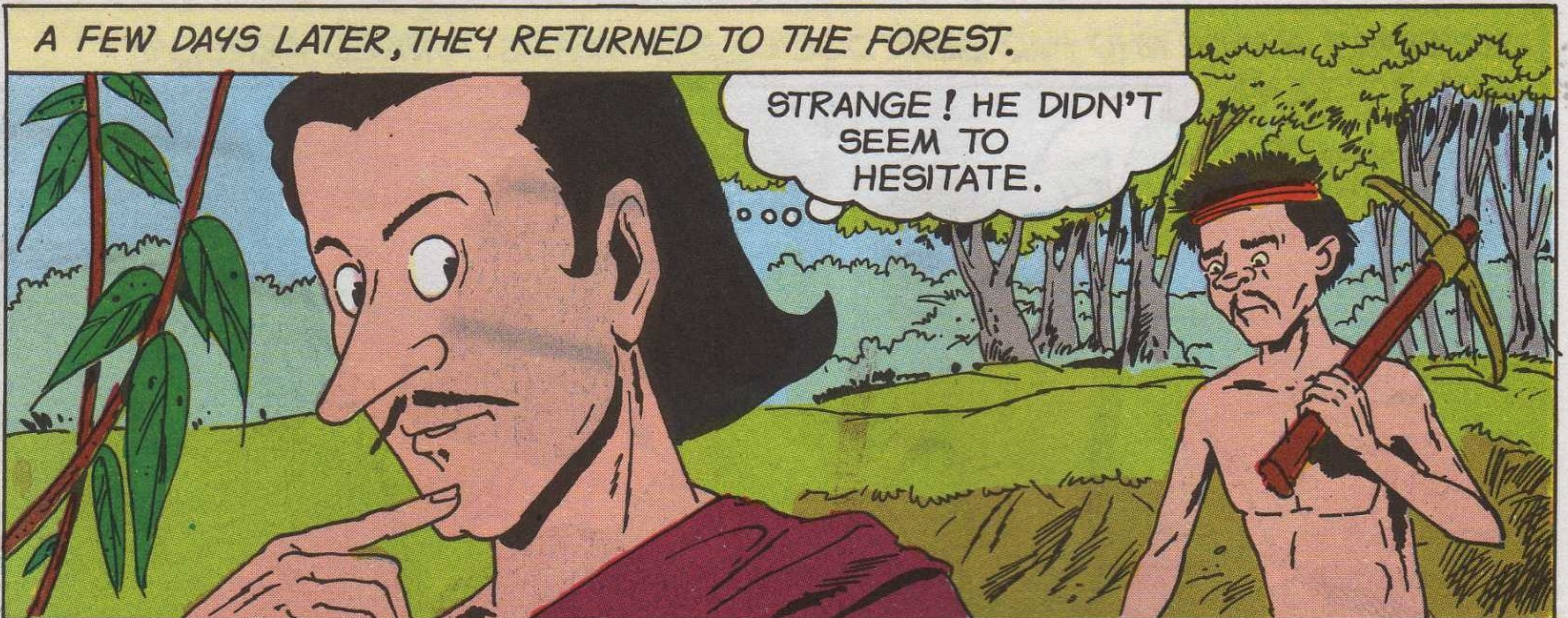


WHAT A RELIEF! HE'S FOLLOWING ME QUIETLY.





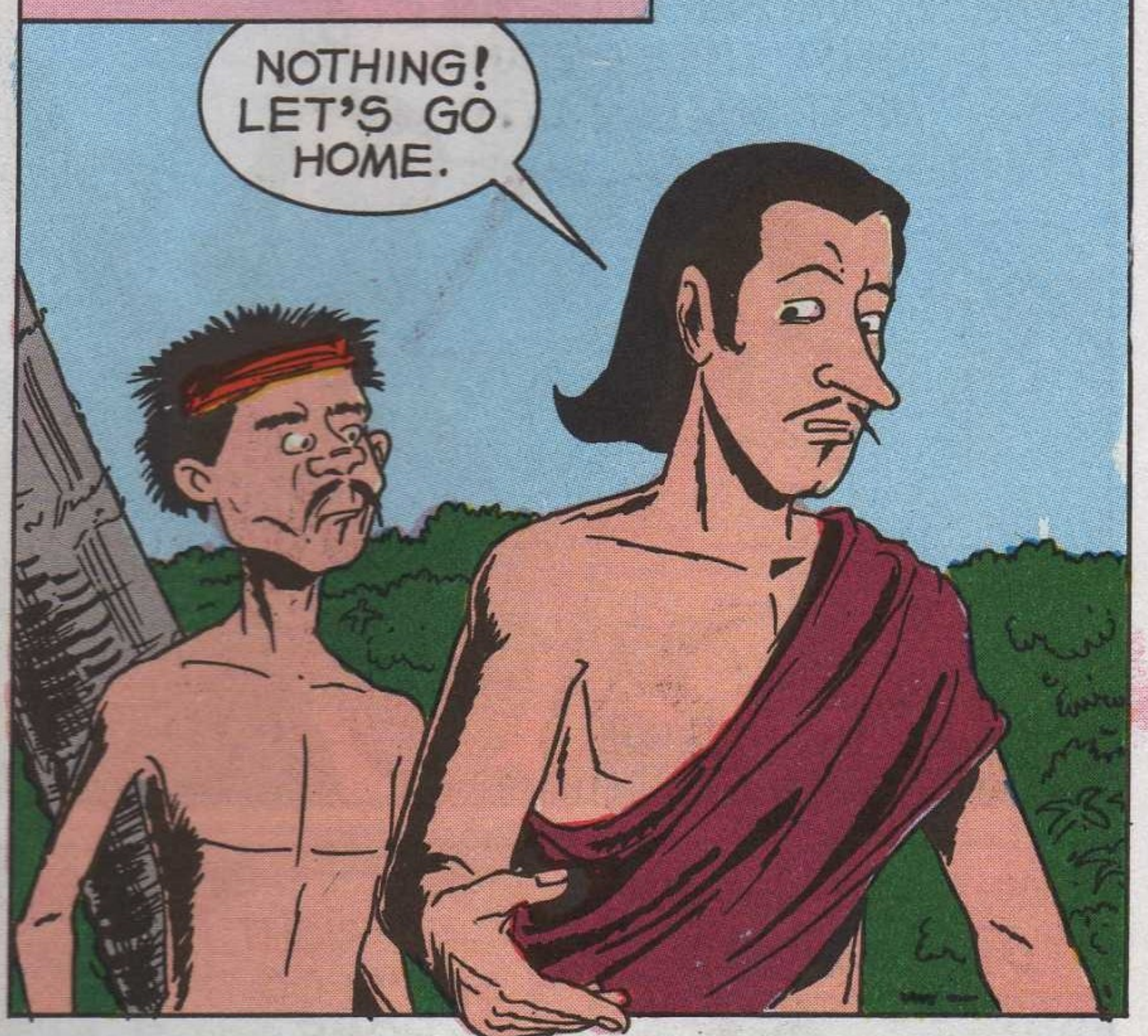
A FEW DAYS LATER, THEY RETURNED TO THE FOREST.



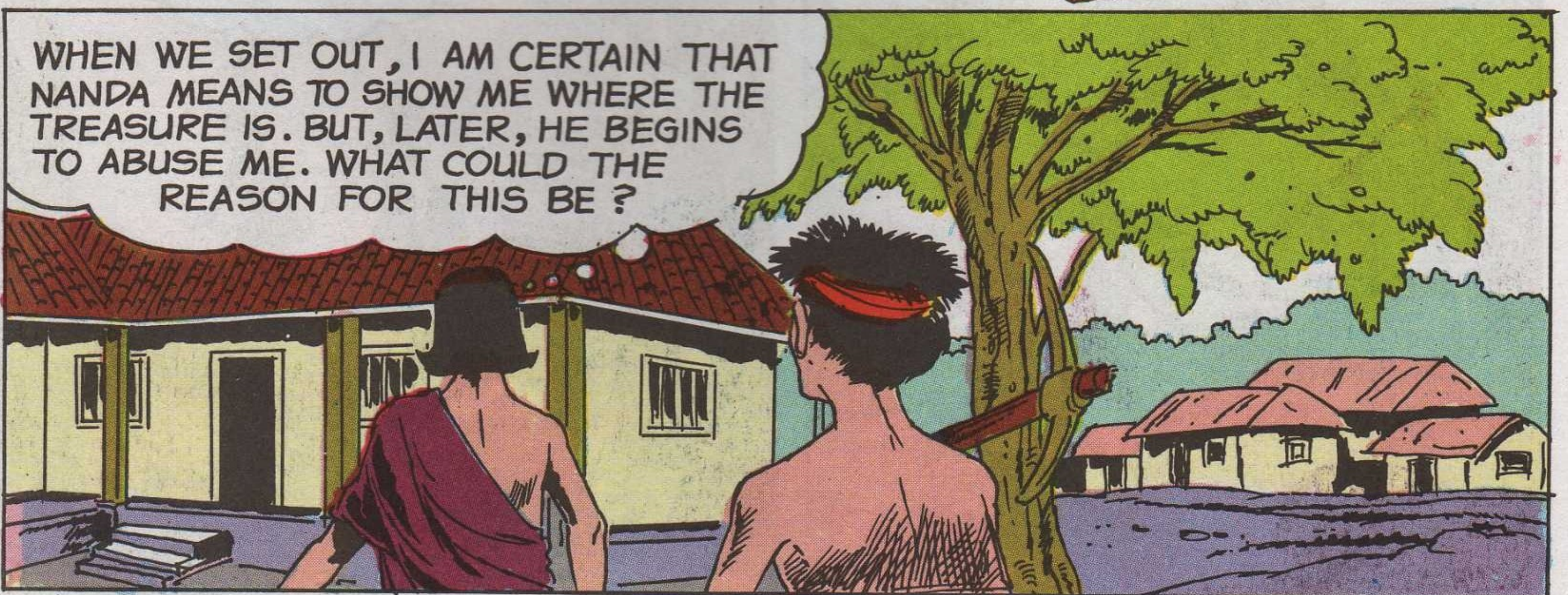
BUT WHEN THEY REACHED THE SAME SPOT —



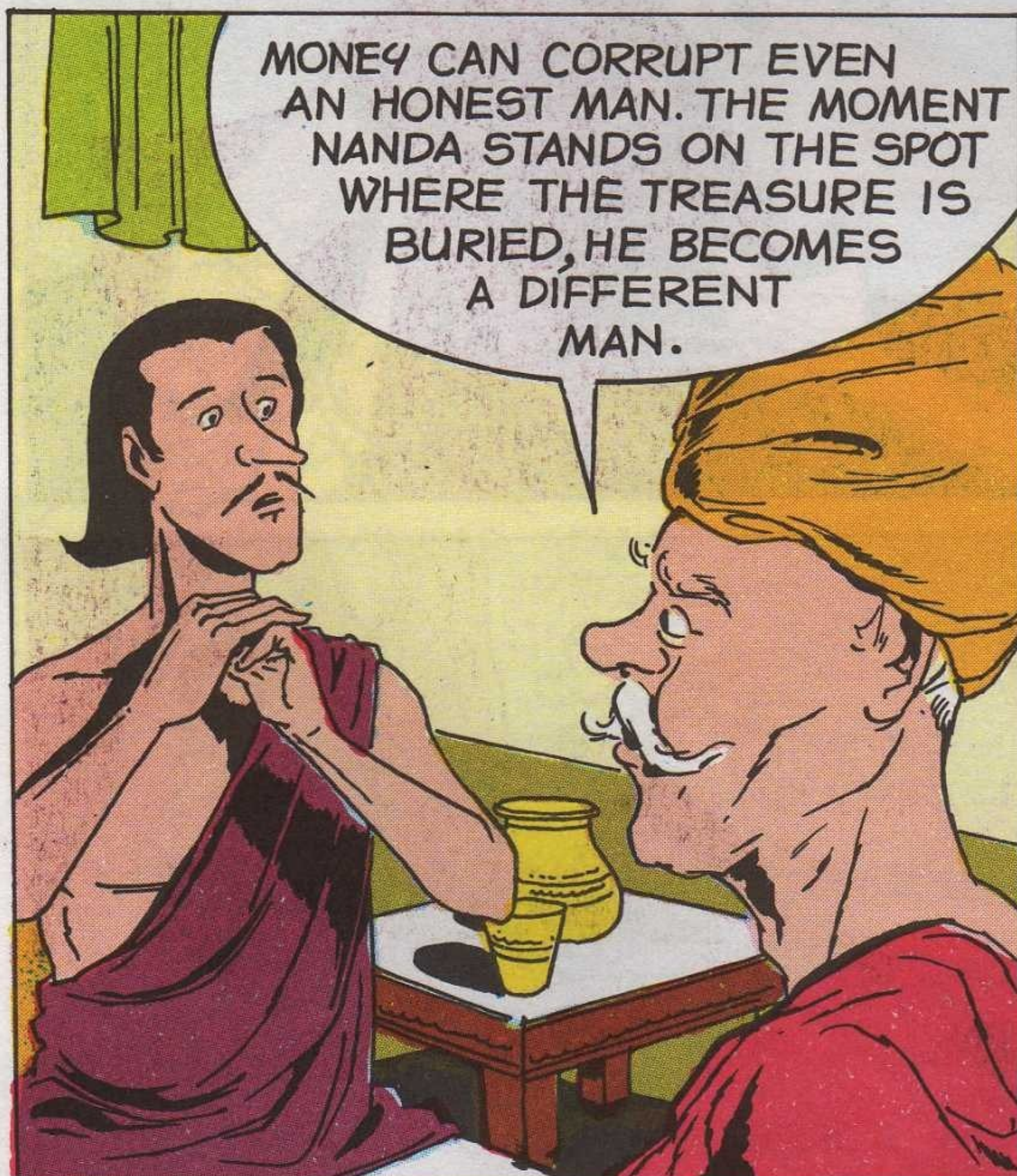
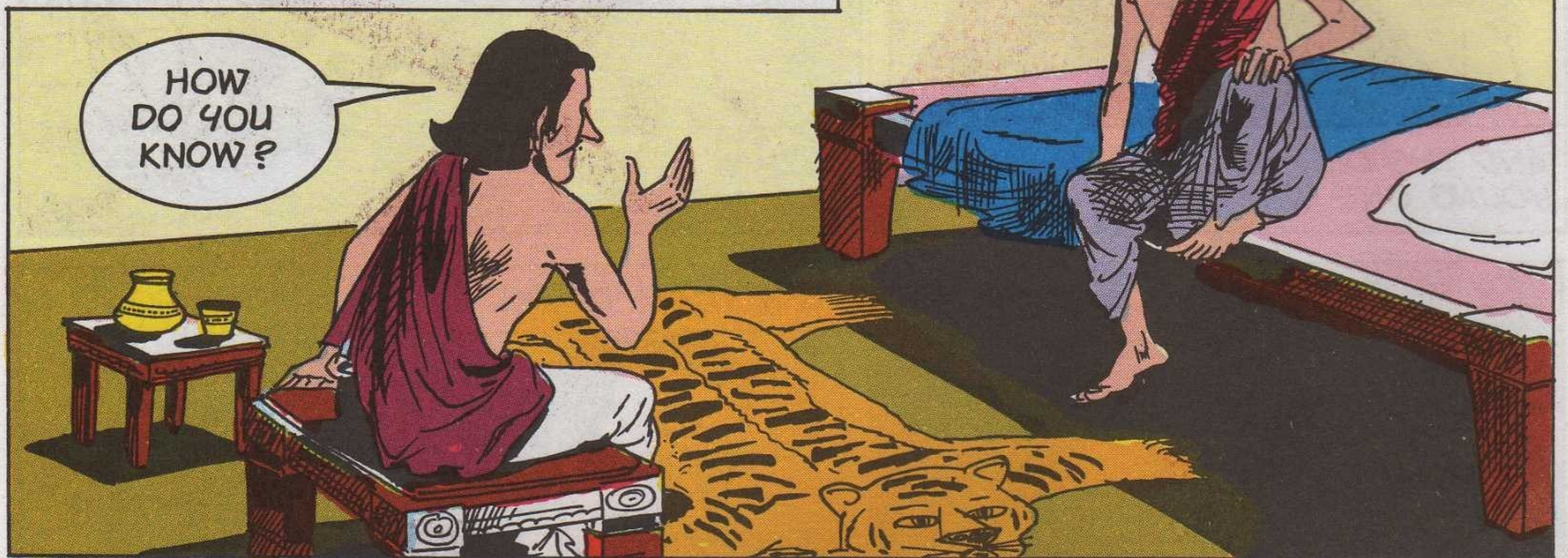
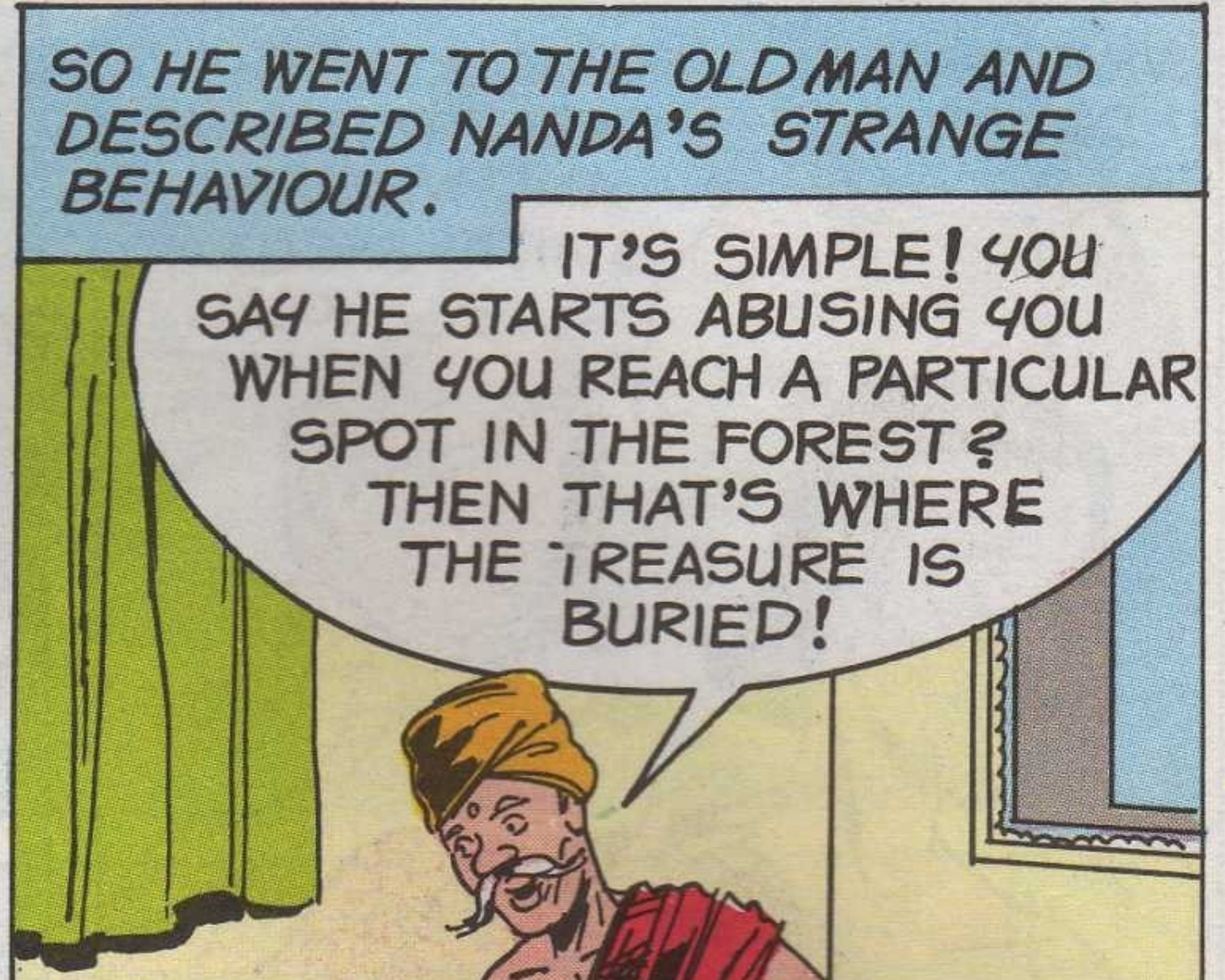
ONCE AGAIN THE YOUNG MAN IGNORED NANDA'S INSOLENCE.



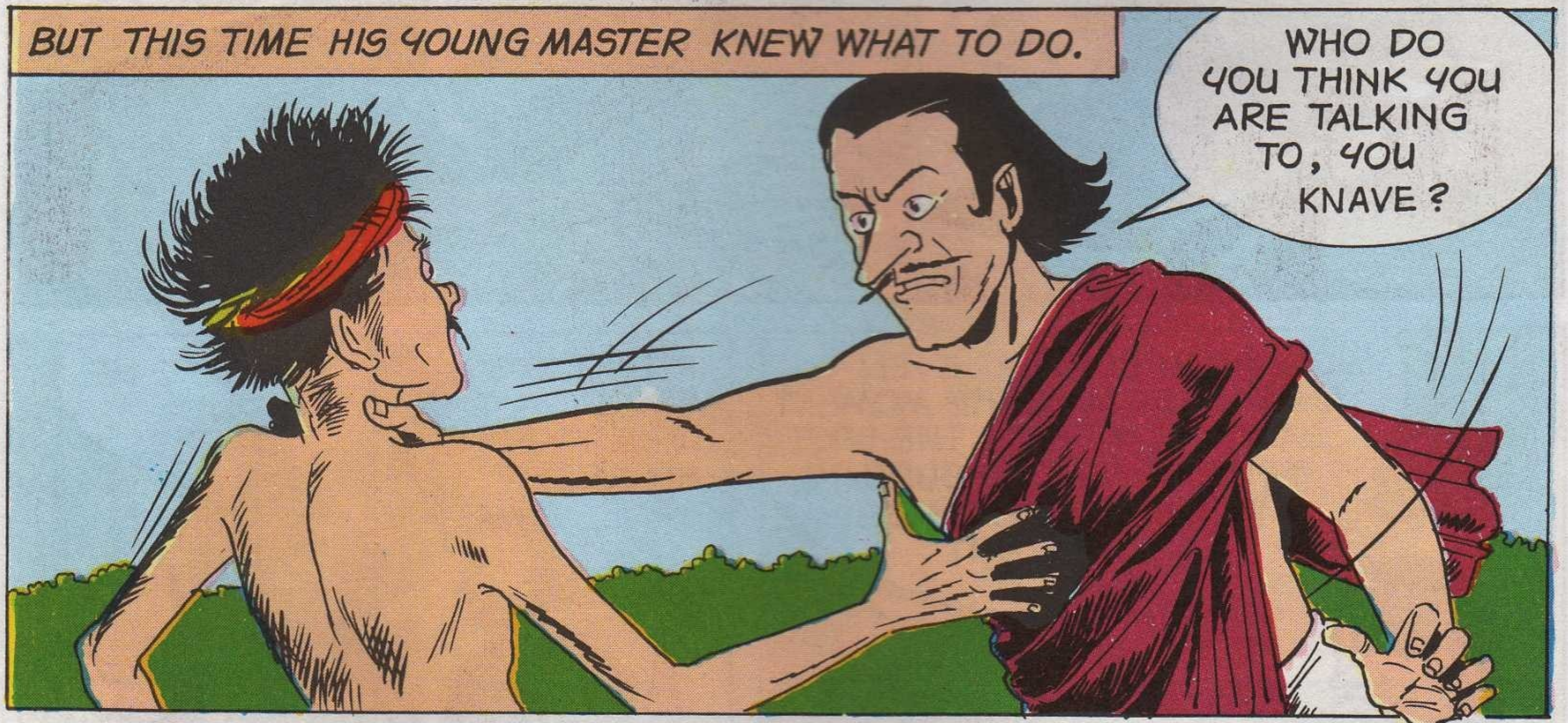
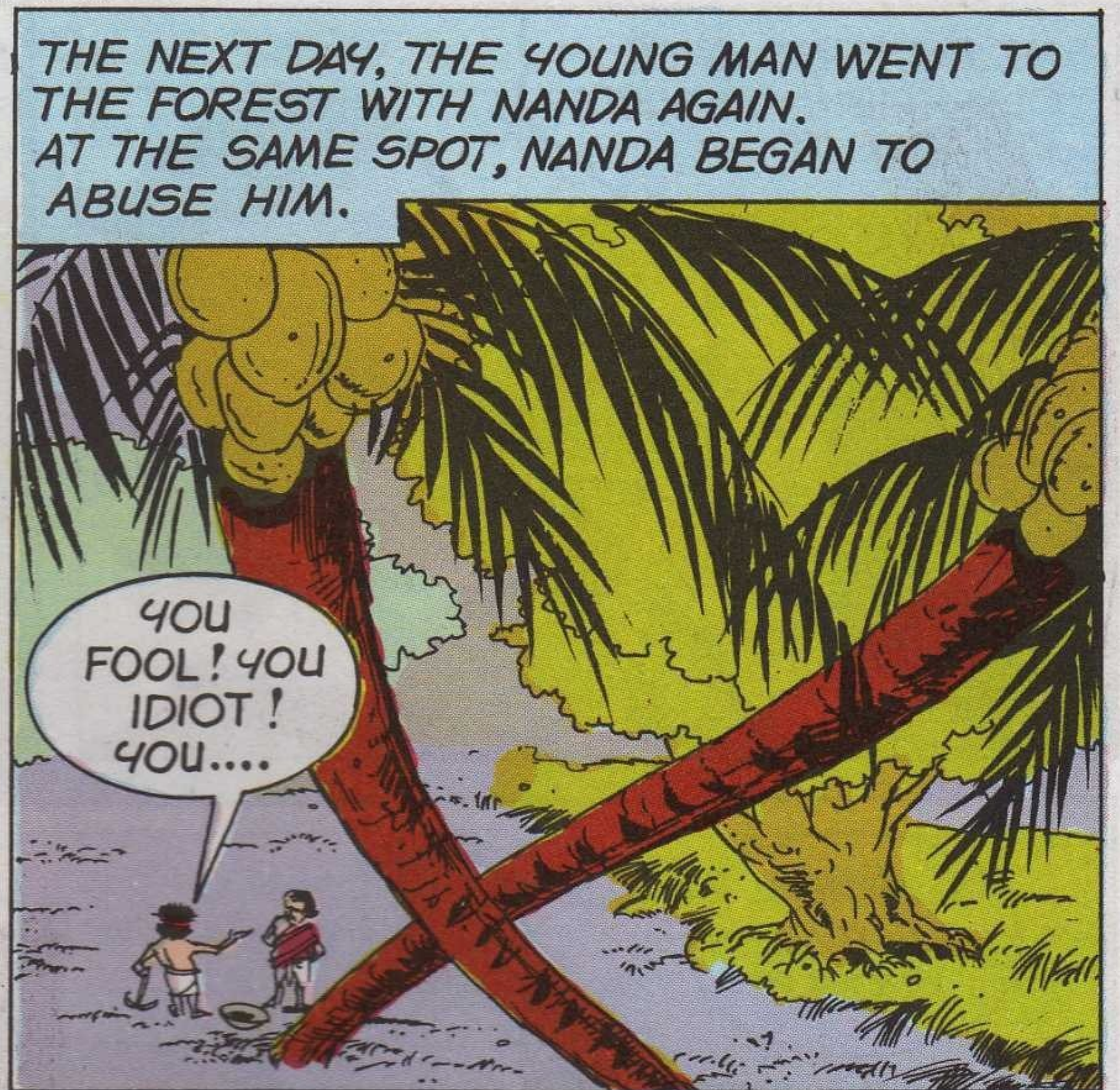
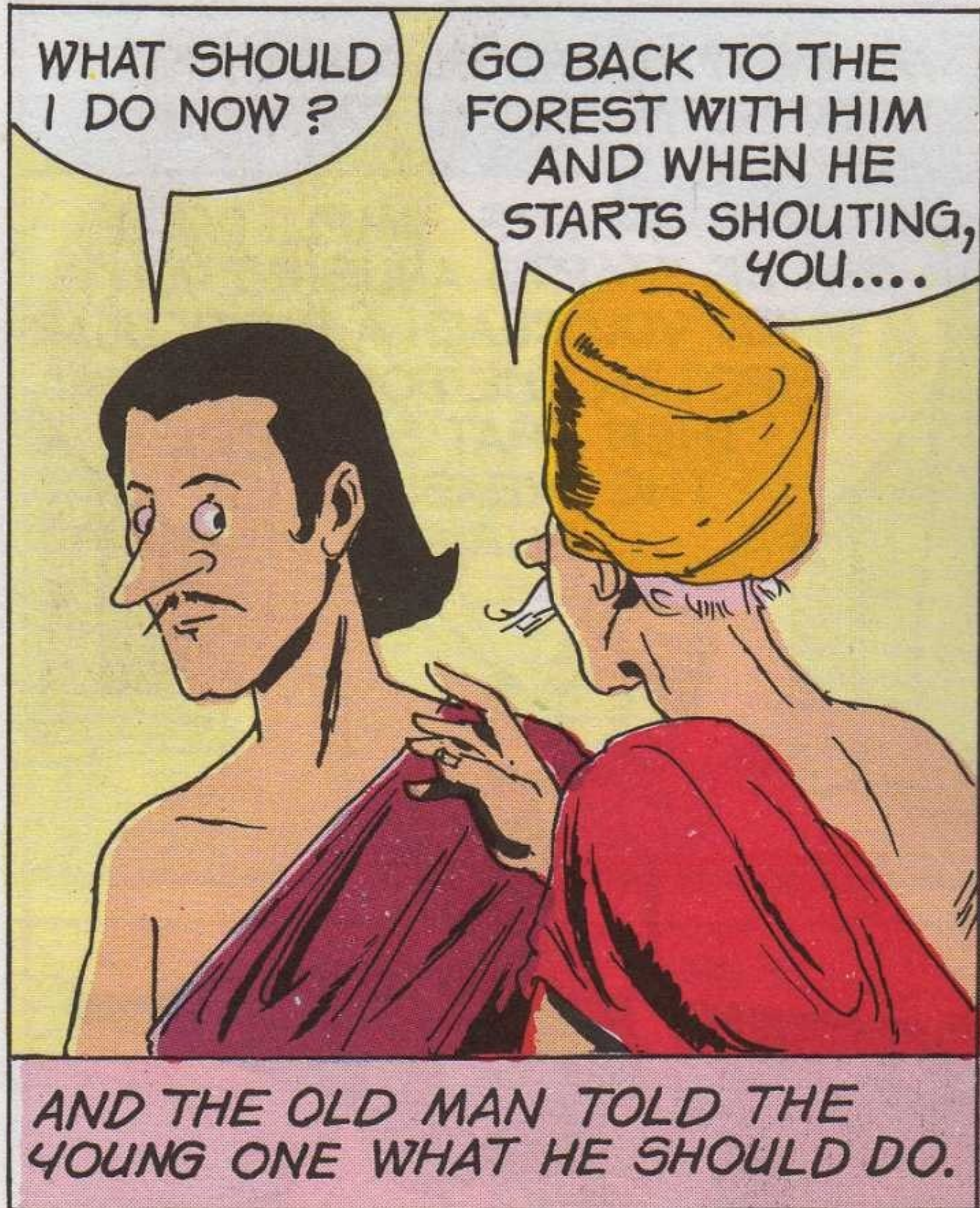
WHEN WE SET OUT, I AM CERTAIN THAT NANDA MEANS TO SHOW ME WHERE THE TREASURE IS. BUT, LATER, HE BEGINS TO ABUSE ME. WHAT COULD THE REASON FOR THIS BE?



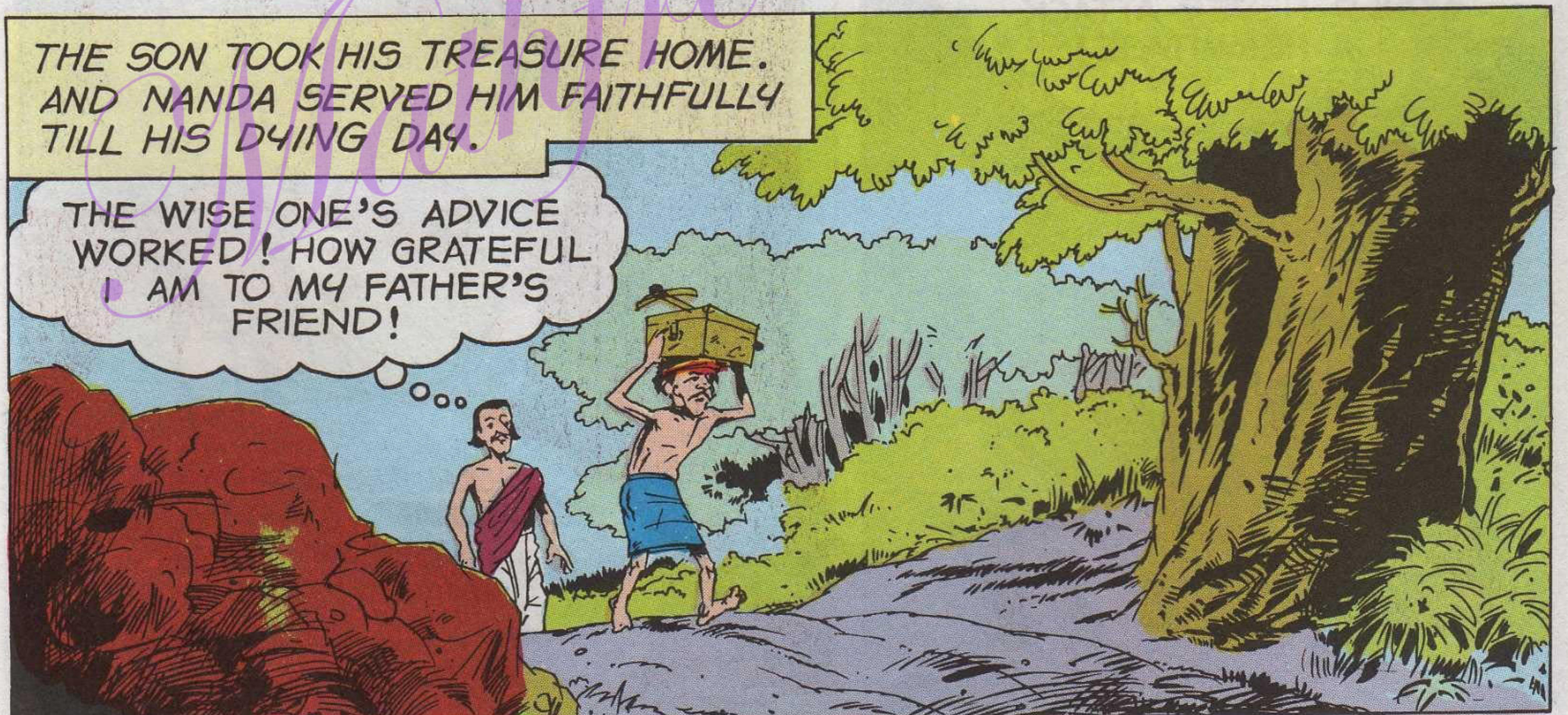
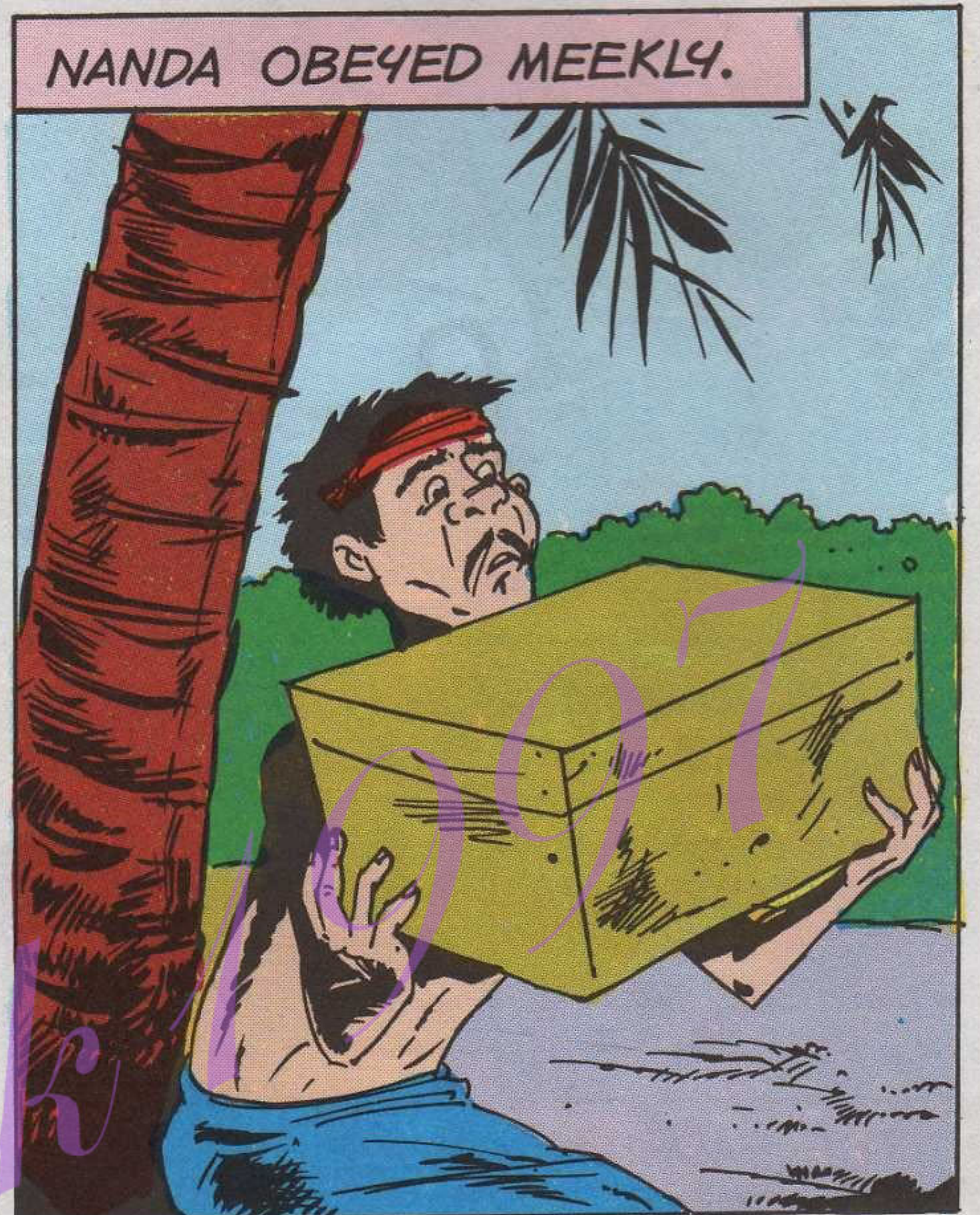
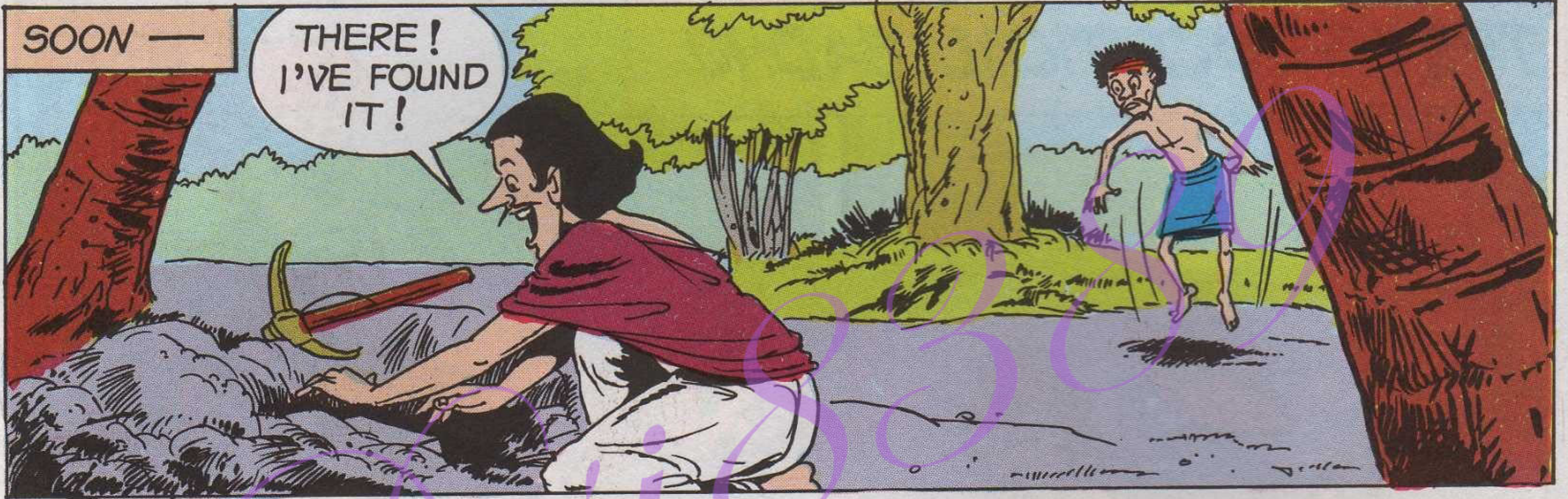














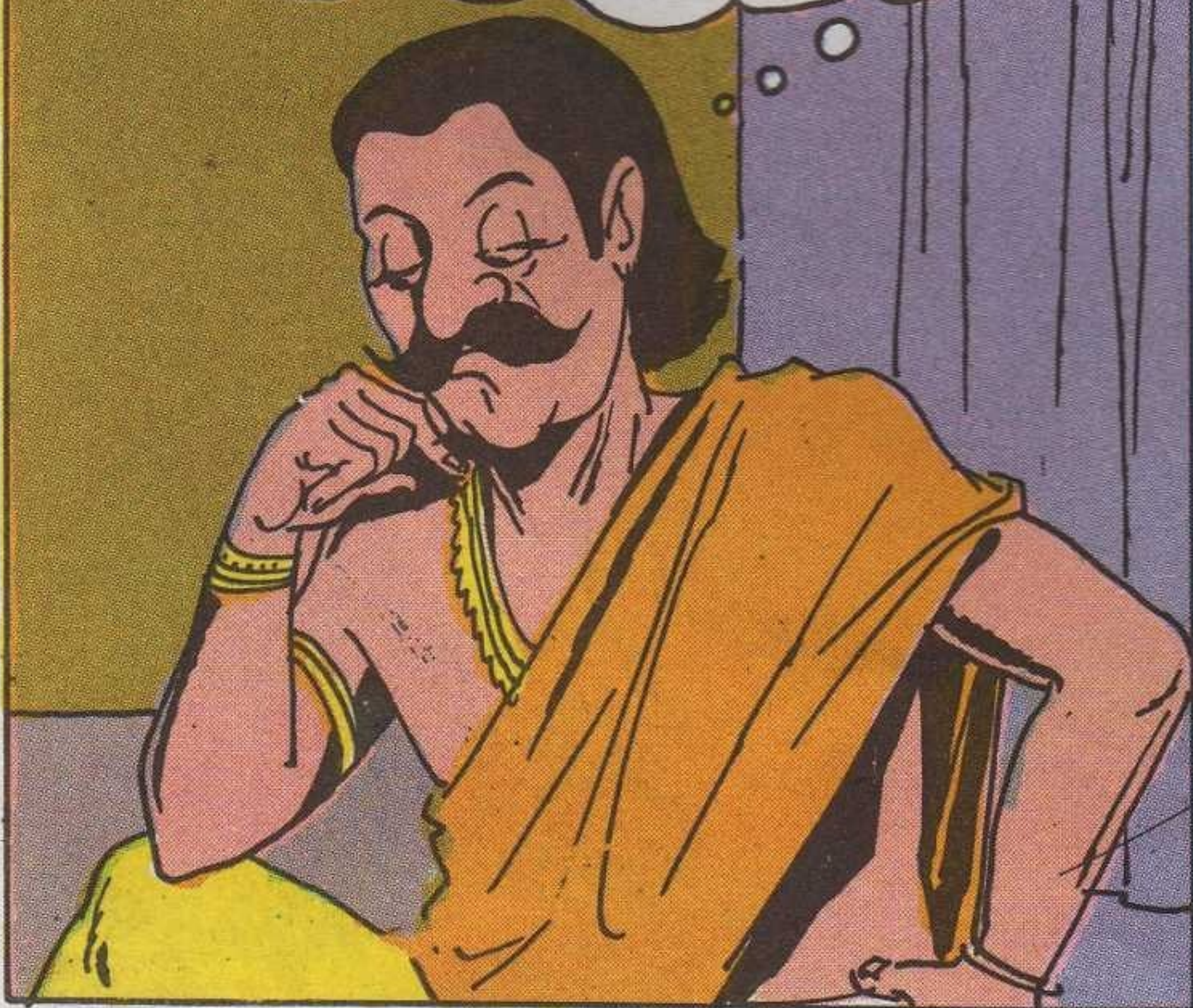
# THE HYPOCRITICAL SADHU



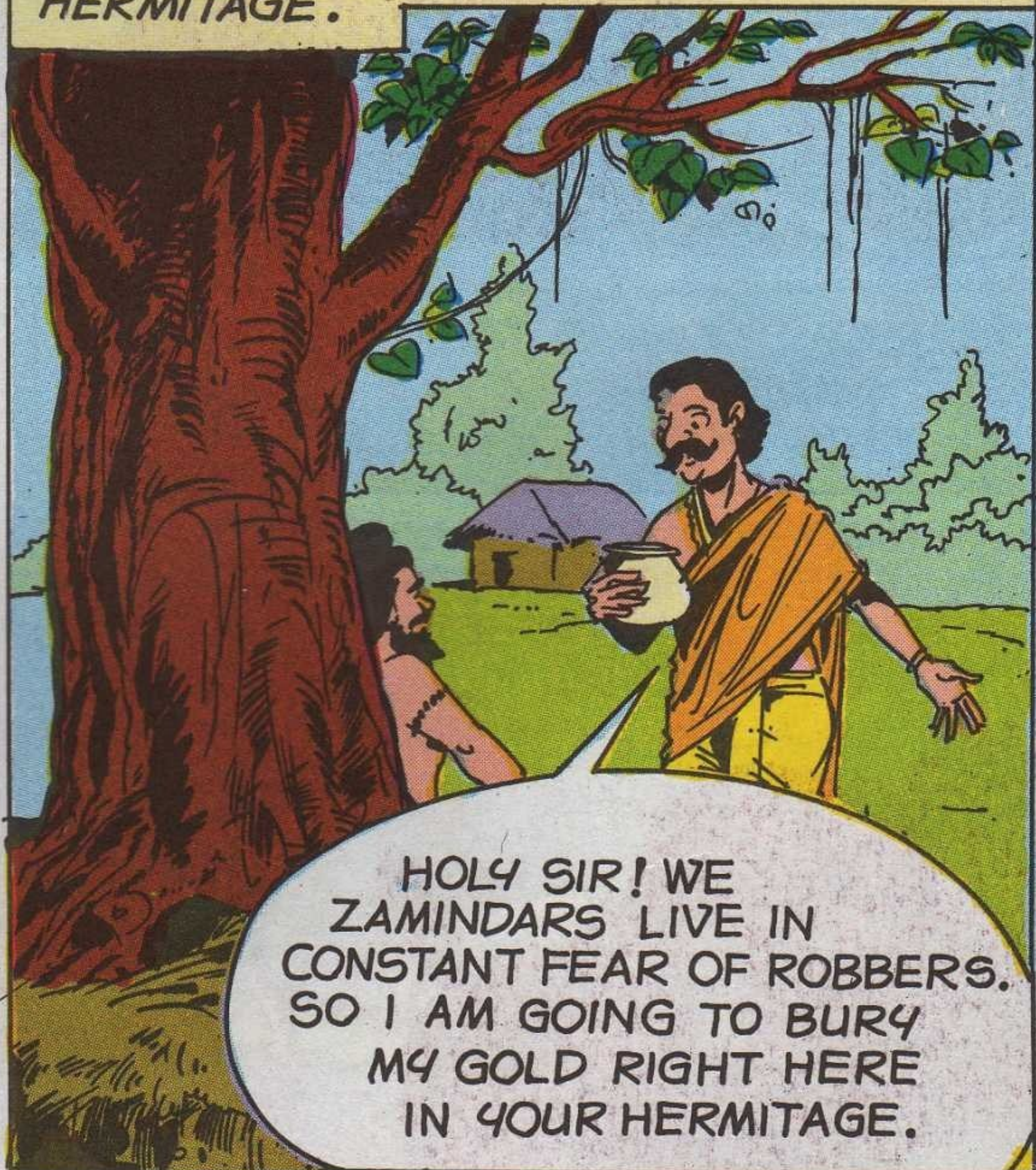
A RASCAL OF A SADHU LIVED IN A FOREST HERMITAGE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A VILLAGE AND HAD WON THE TRUST OF A ZAMINDAR.

NOW, THE ZAMINDAR HAD SOME GOLD WHICH HE WANTED TO HIDE FROM ROBBERS. AS HE WONDERED WHERE TO PUT IT —

I KNOW WHAT!  
THE SADHU IS A MODEL OF  
GOODNESS... AND DACOITS  
WOULD NEVER ATTACK  
A HERMITAGE!

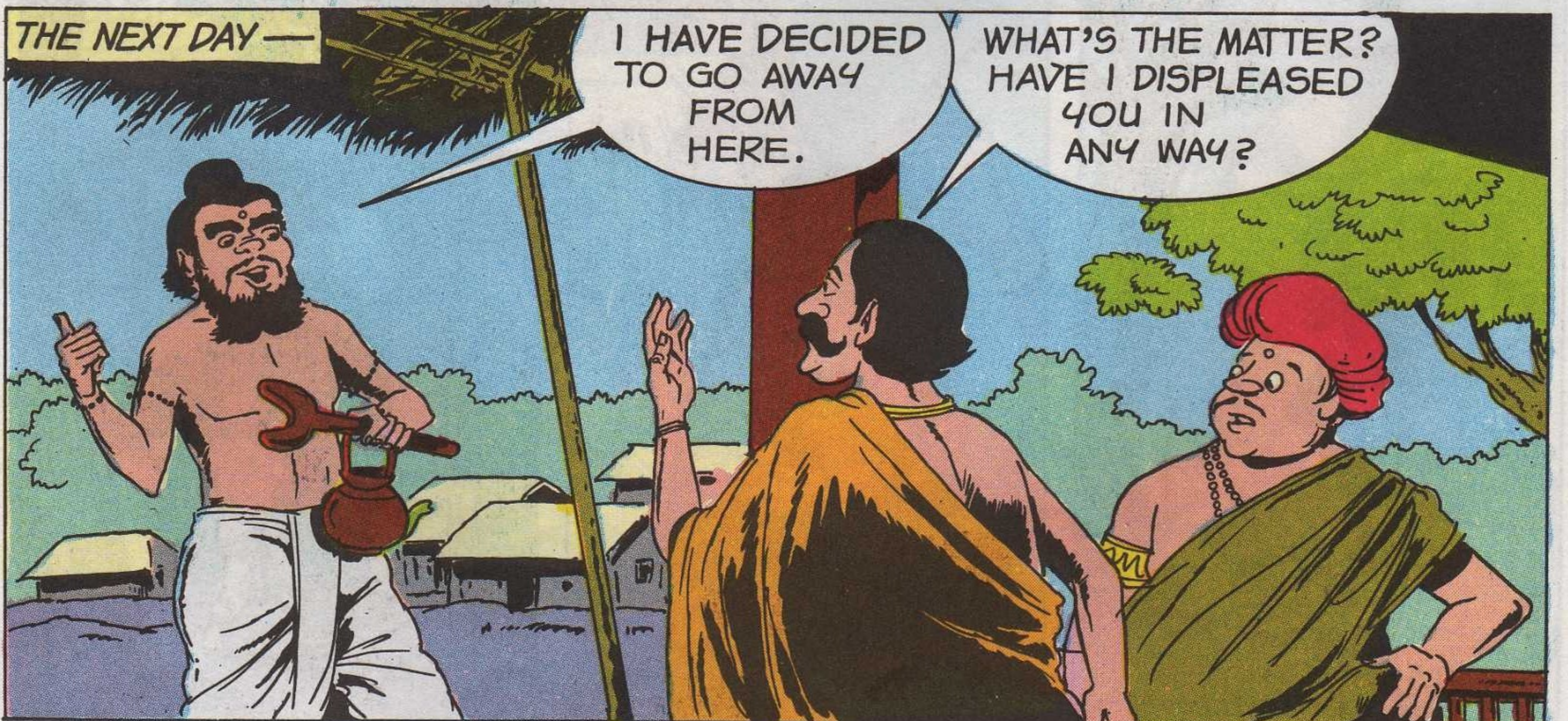
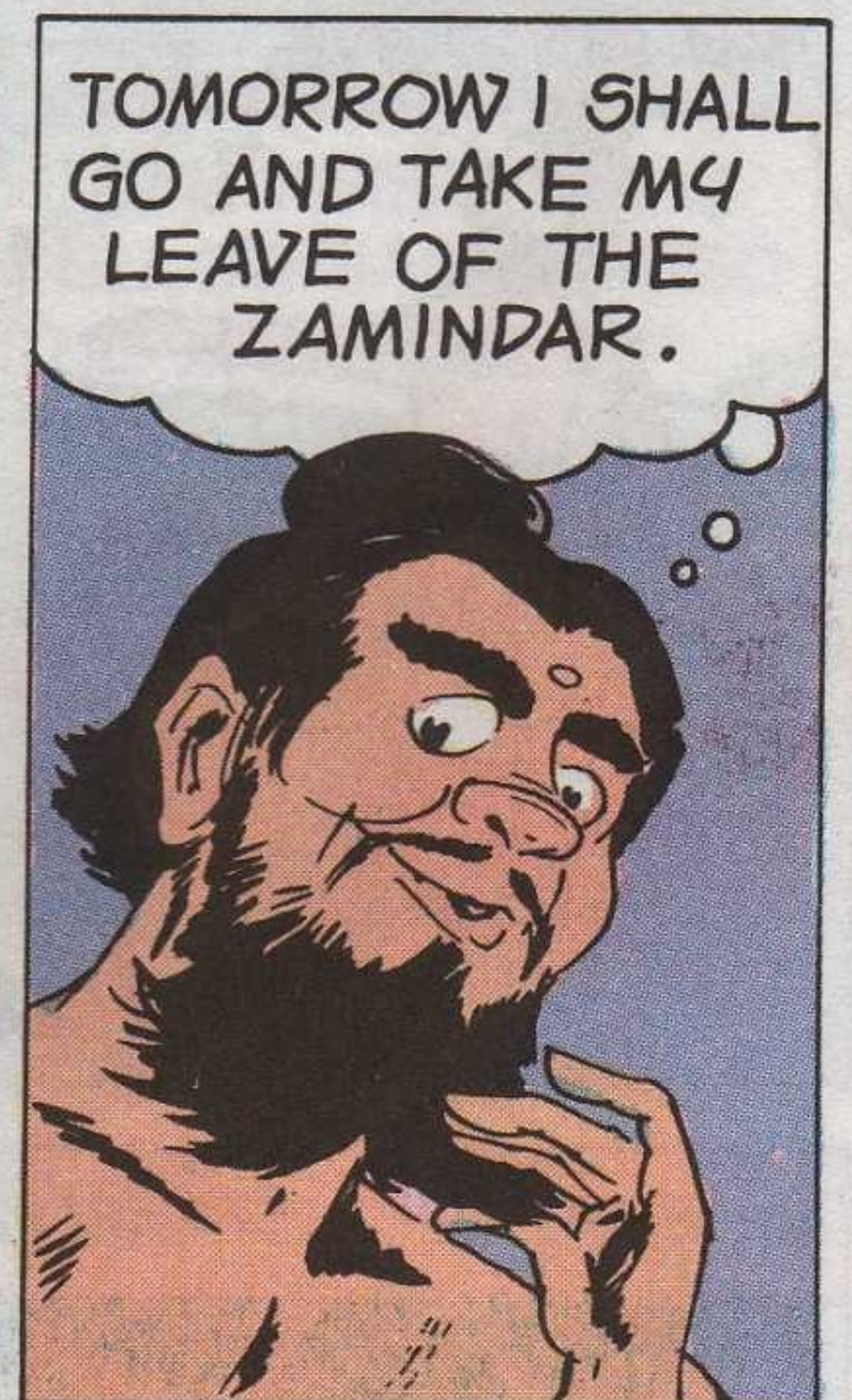
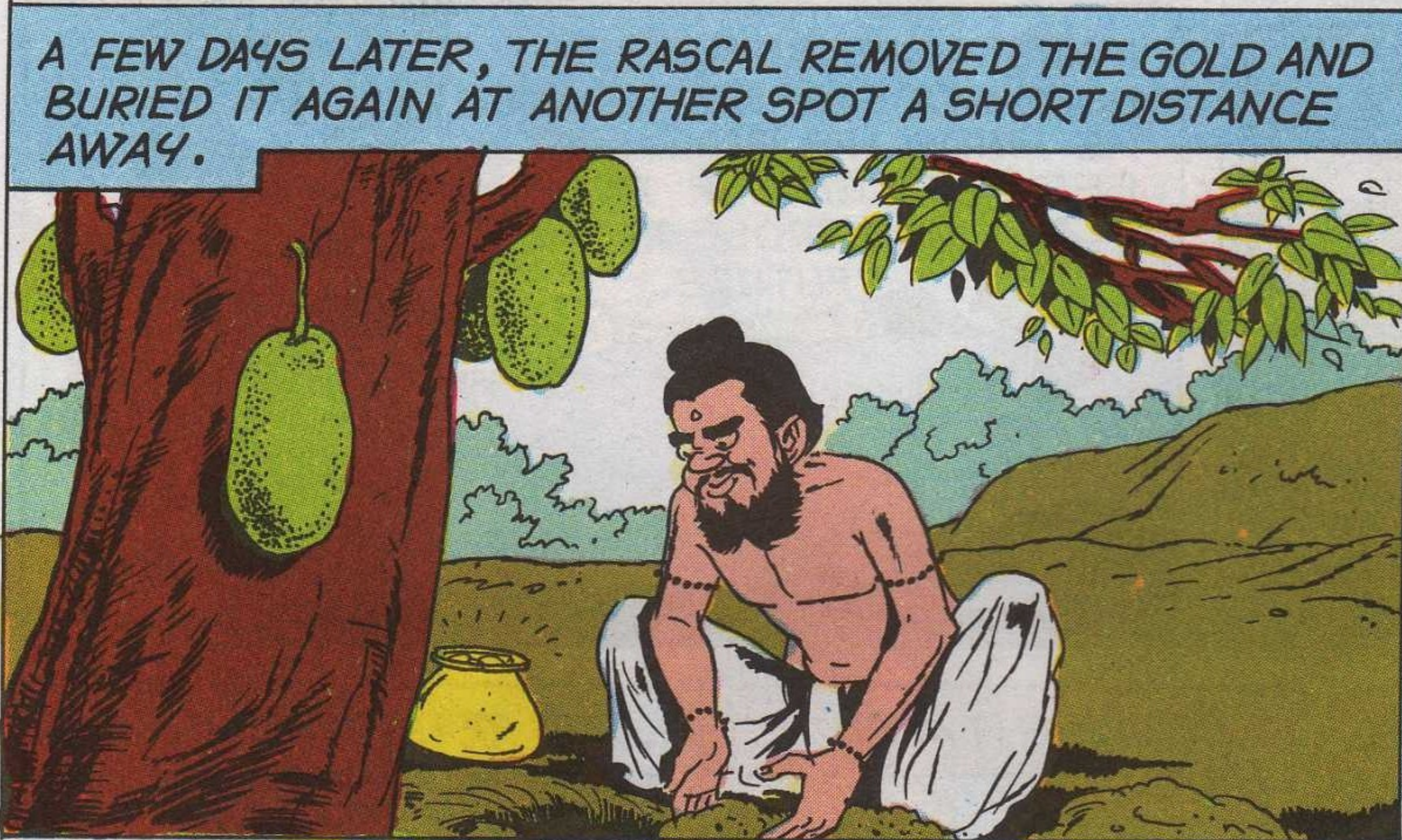
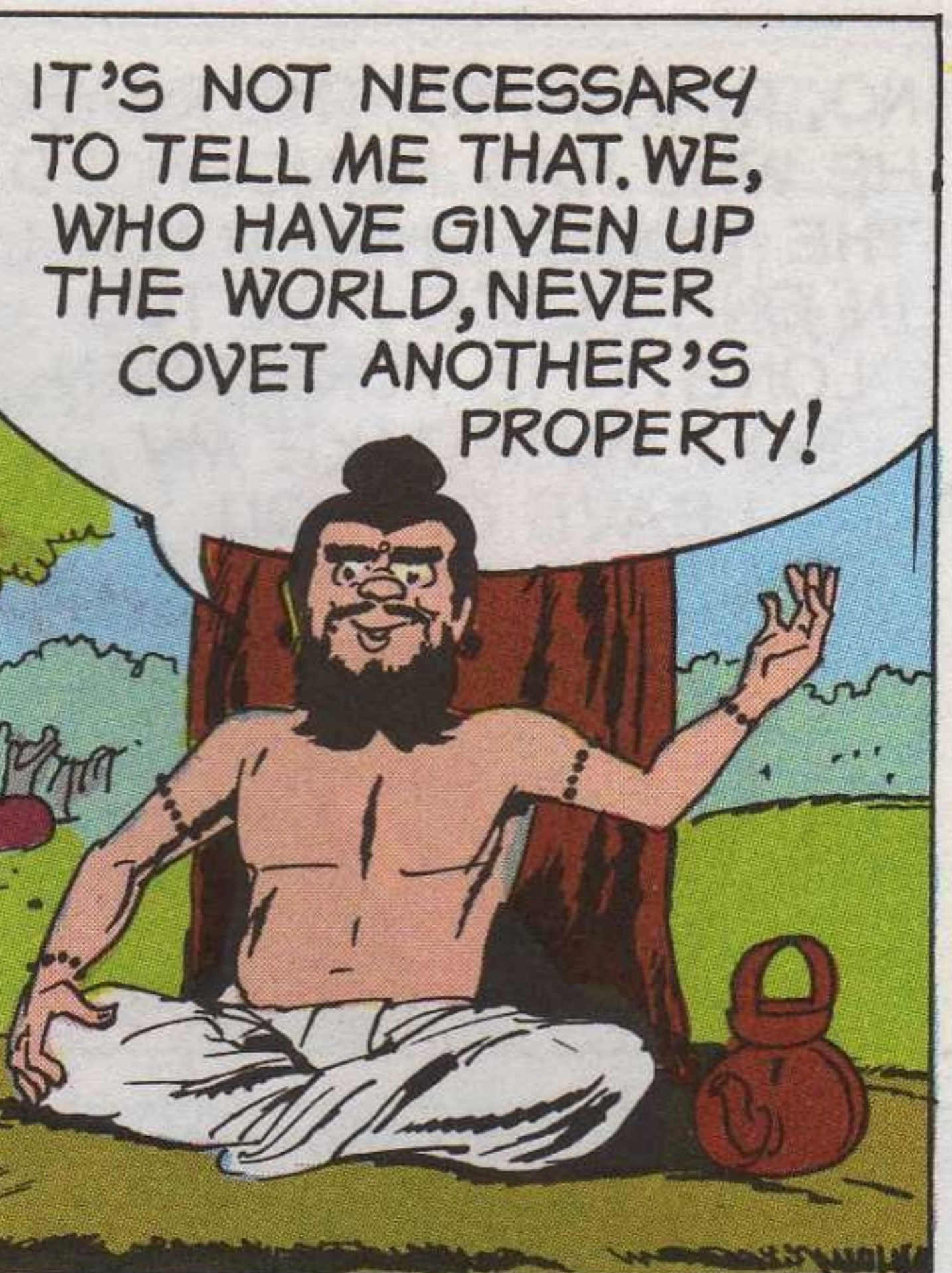
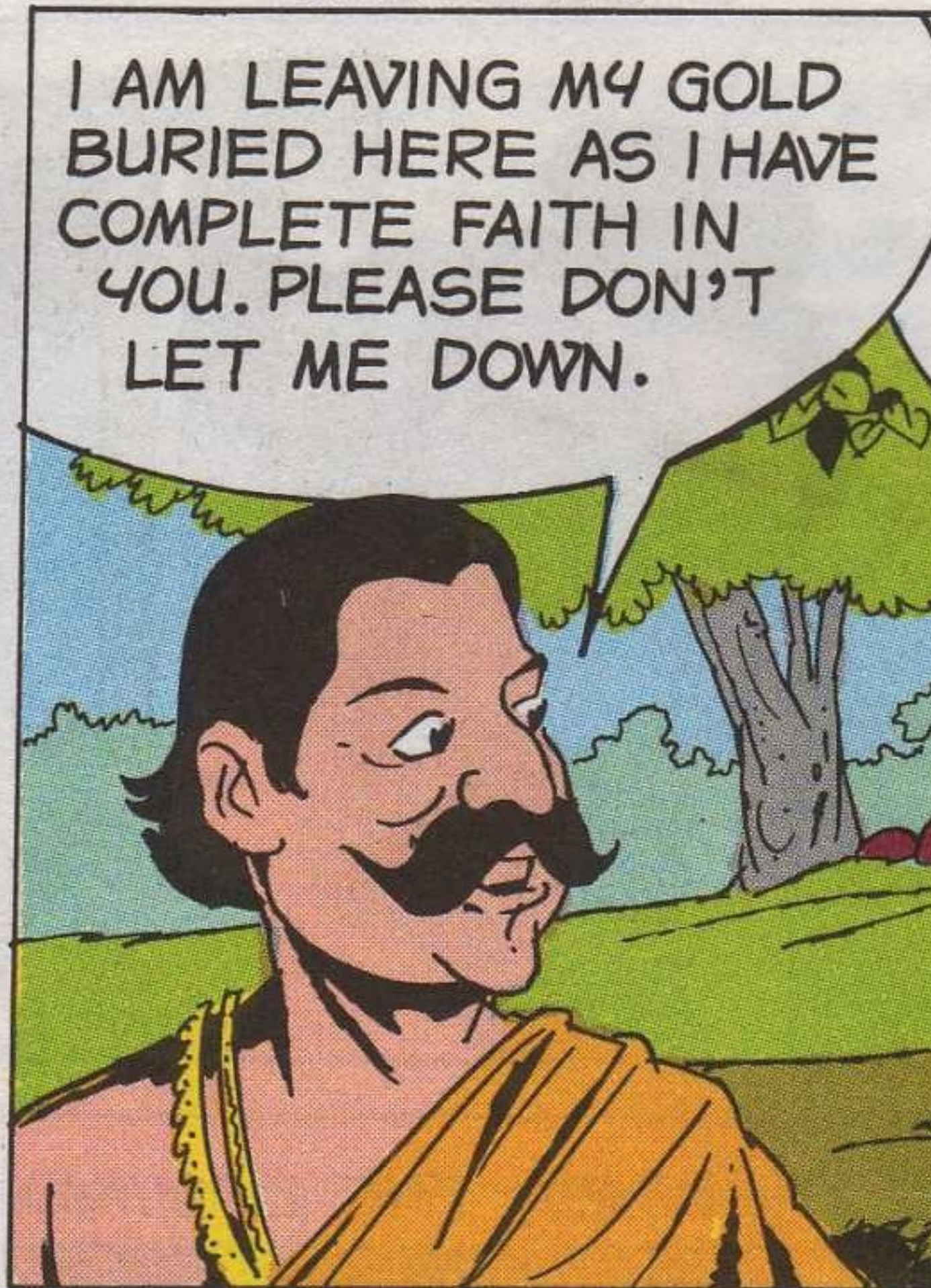
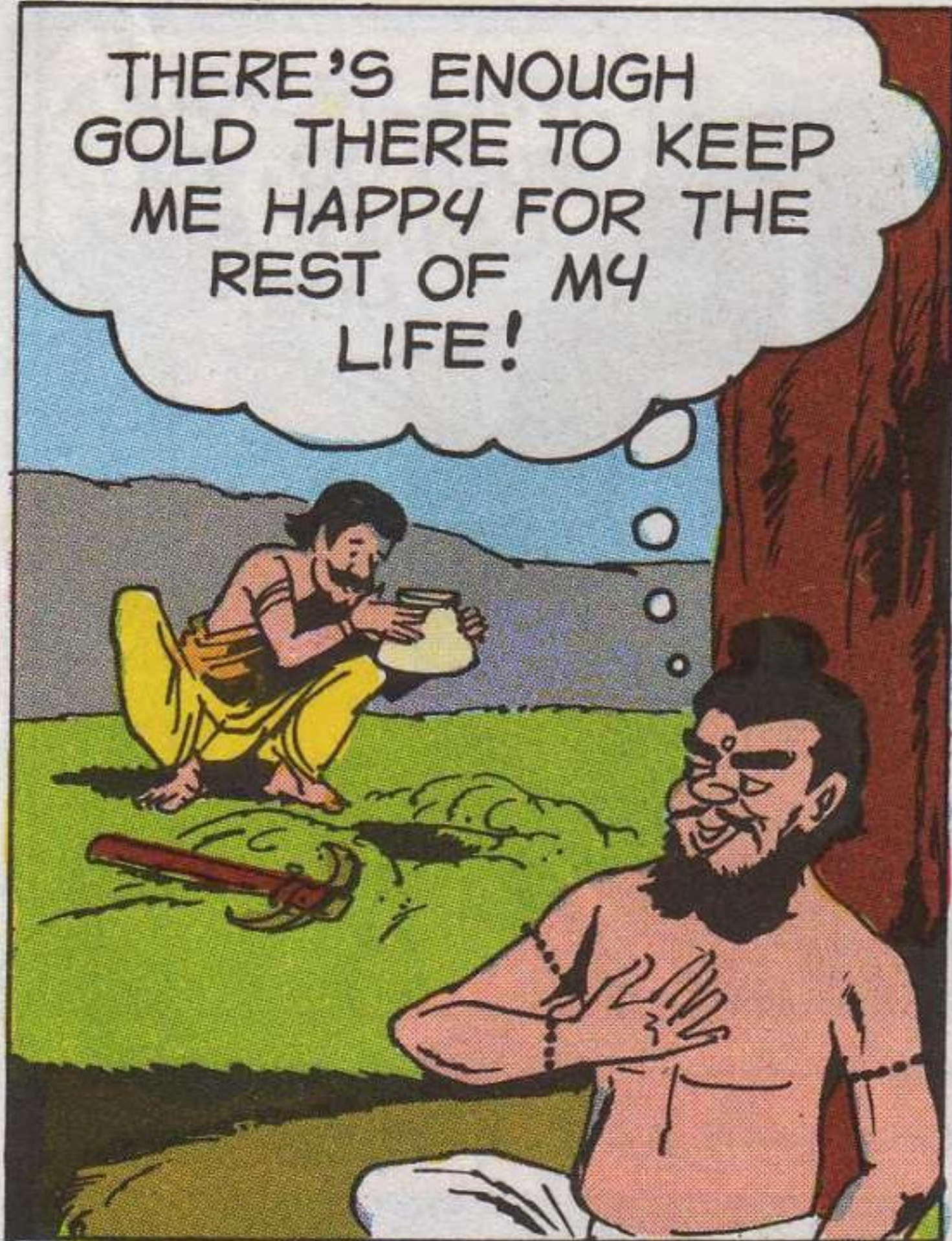


SO HE WENT WITH HIS GOLD TO THE HERMITAGE.



HOLY SIR! WE  
ZAMINDARS LIVE IN  
CONSTANT FEAR OF ROBBERS.  
SO I AM GOING TO BURY  
MY GOLD RIGHT HERE  
IN YOUR HERMITAGE.









THE ZAMINDAR WALKED SOME DISTANCE WITH THE SADHU. THEN HE REVERENTLY BADE HIM GOOD BYE.

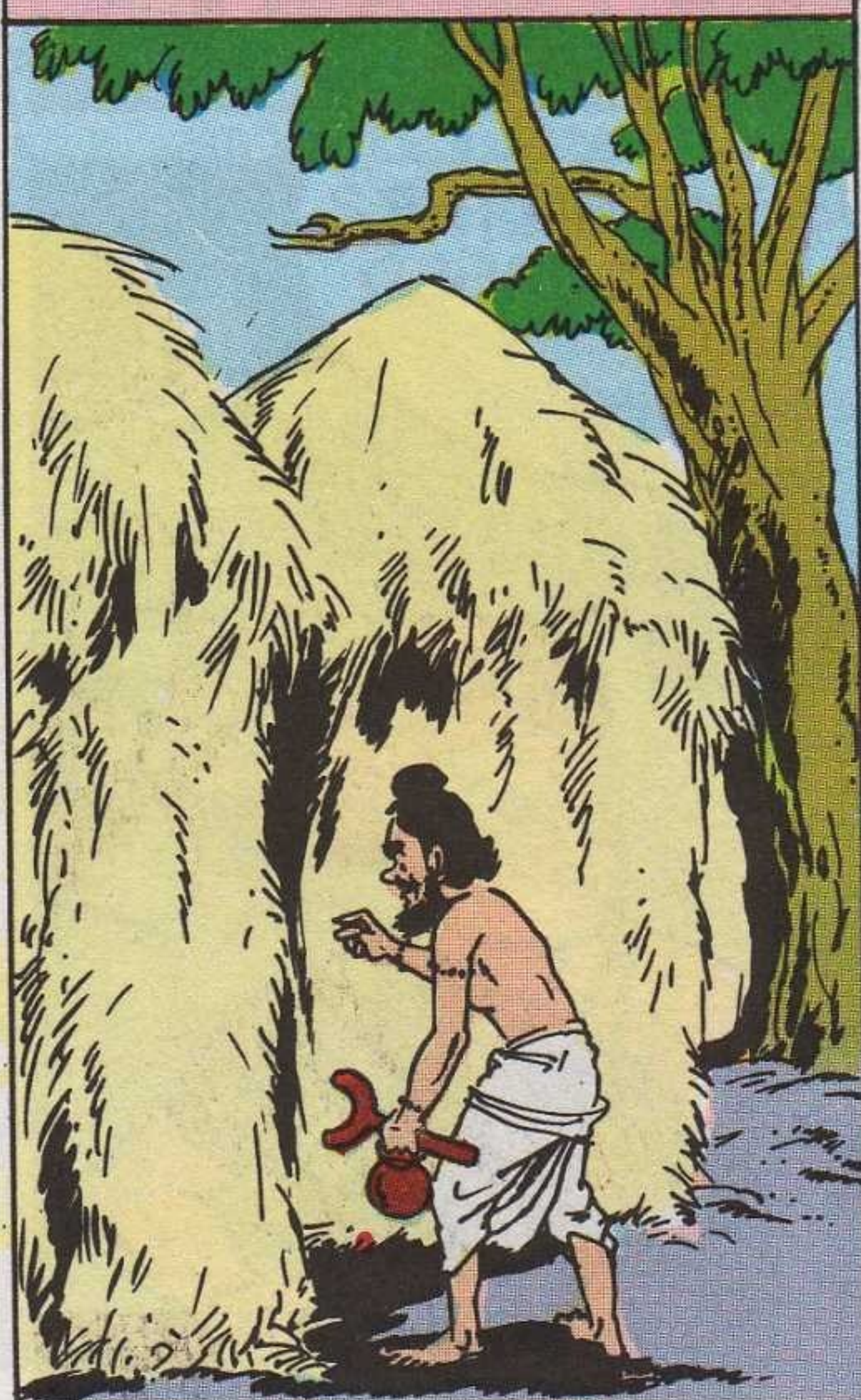


WHEN THE ZAMINDAR HAD LEFT, A THOUGHT SUDDENLY STRUCK THE SADHU —

I MUST MAKE SURE HE DOES NOT SUSPECT ME WHEN HE FINDS HIS GOLD HAS BEEN STOLEN. OUR PATHS MAY CROSS IN THE FUTURE.



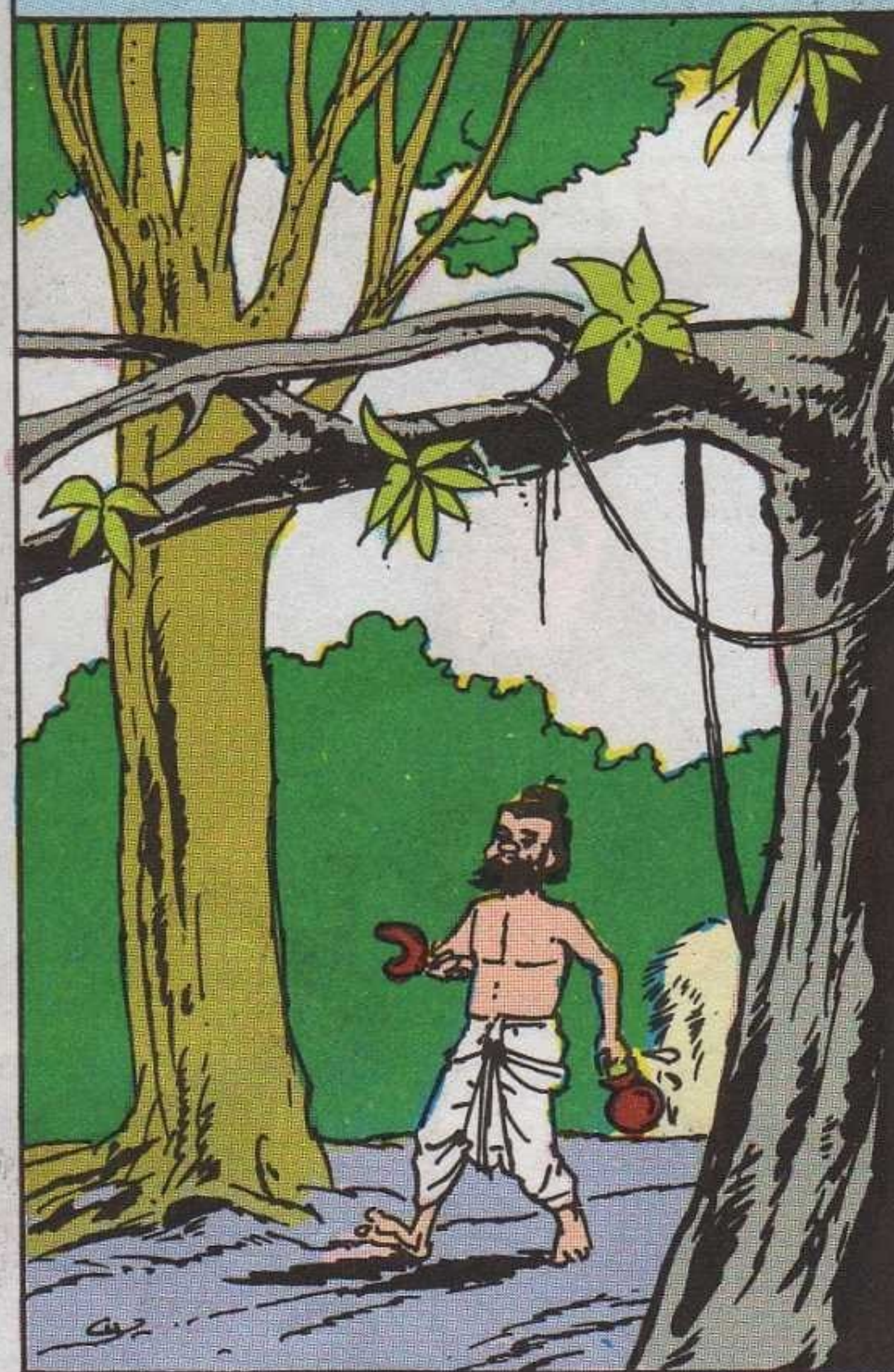
PICKING UP A STRAW AND...



...STICKING IT IN HIS HAIR...



...HE RETRACED HIS STEPS.

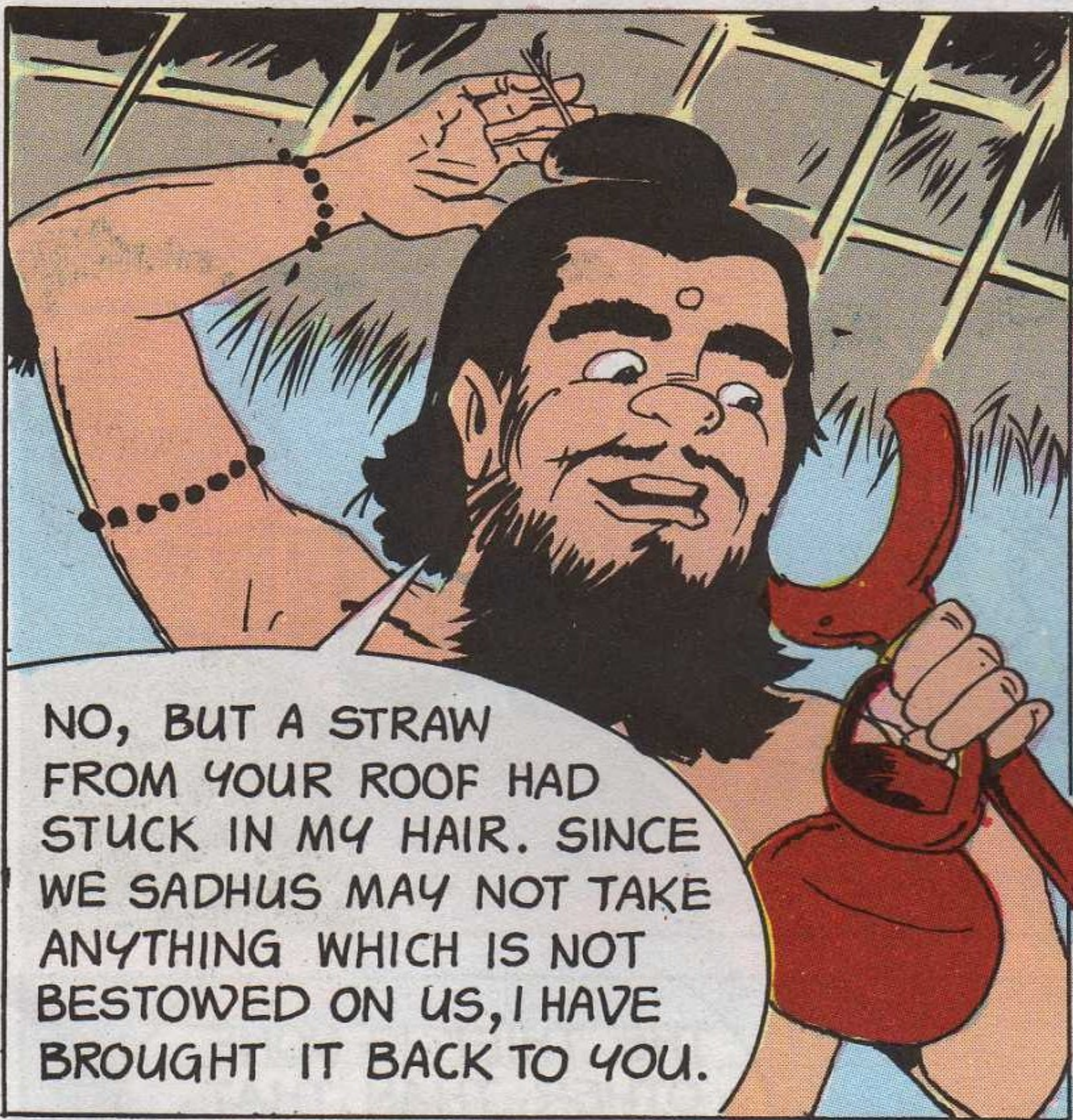




A LITTLE LATER, AS THE ZAMINDAR SAT TALKING WITH A MERCHANT WHO HAD COME TO VISIT HIM, THE SADHU WALKED IN.

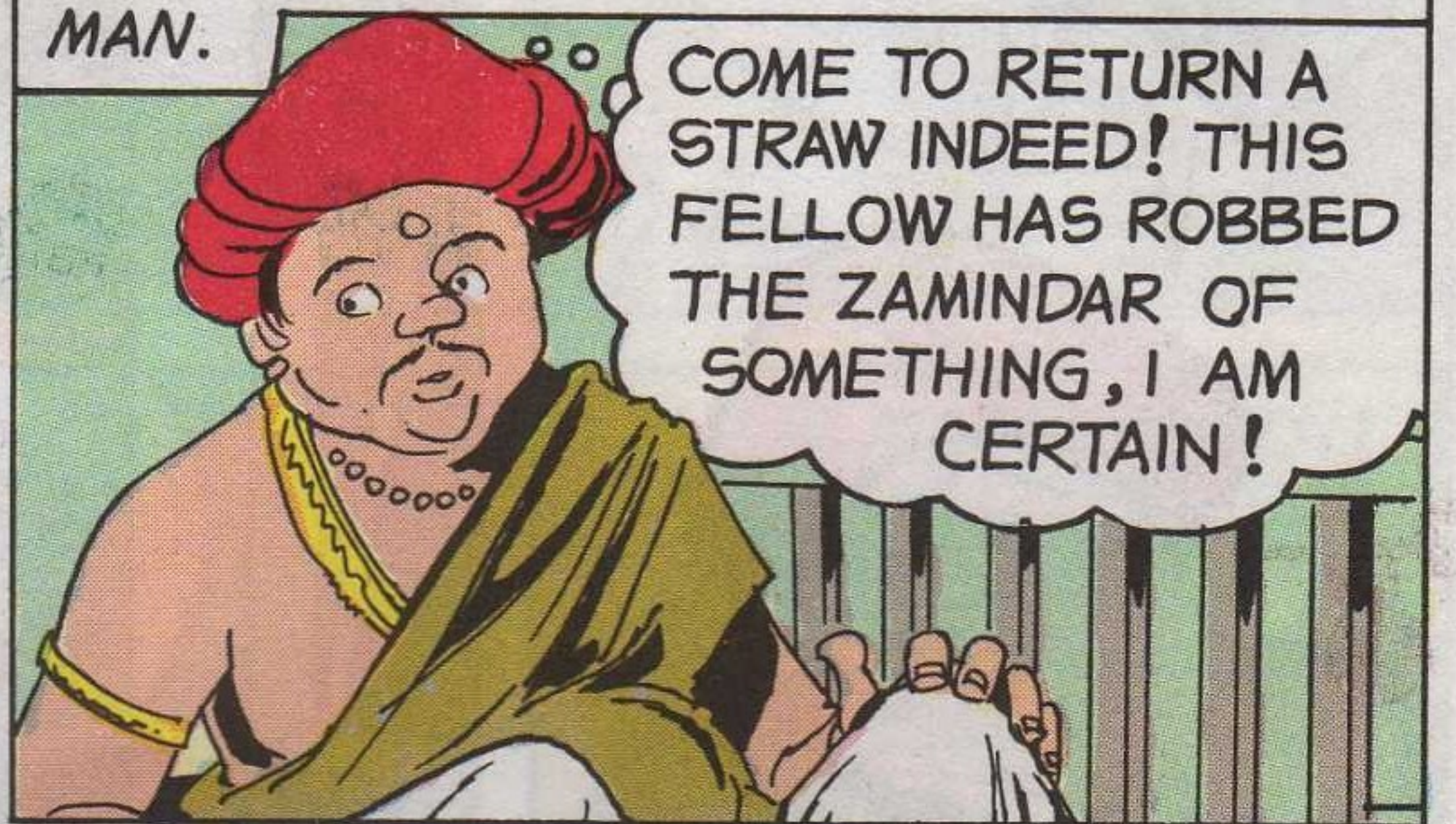


WELCOME, HOLY ONE! WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK? HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?



NO, BUT A STRAW FROM YOUR ROOF HAD STUCK IN MY HAIR. SINCE WE SADHUS MAY NOT TAKE ANYTHING WHICH IS NOT BESTOWED ON US, I HAVE BROUGHT IT BACK TO YOU.

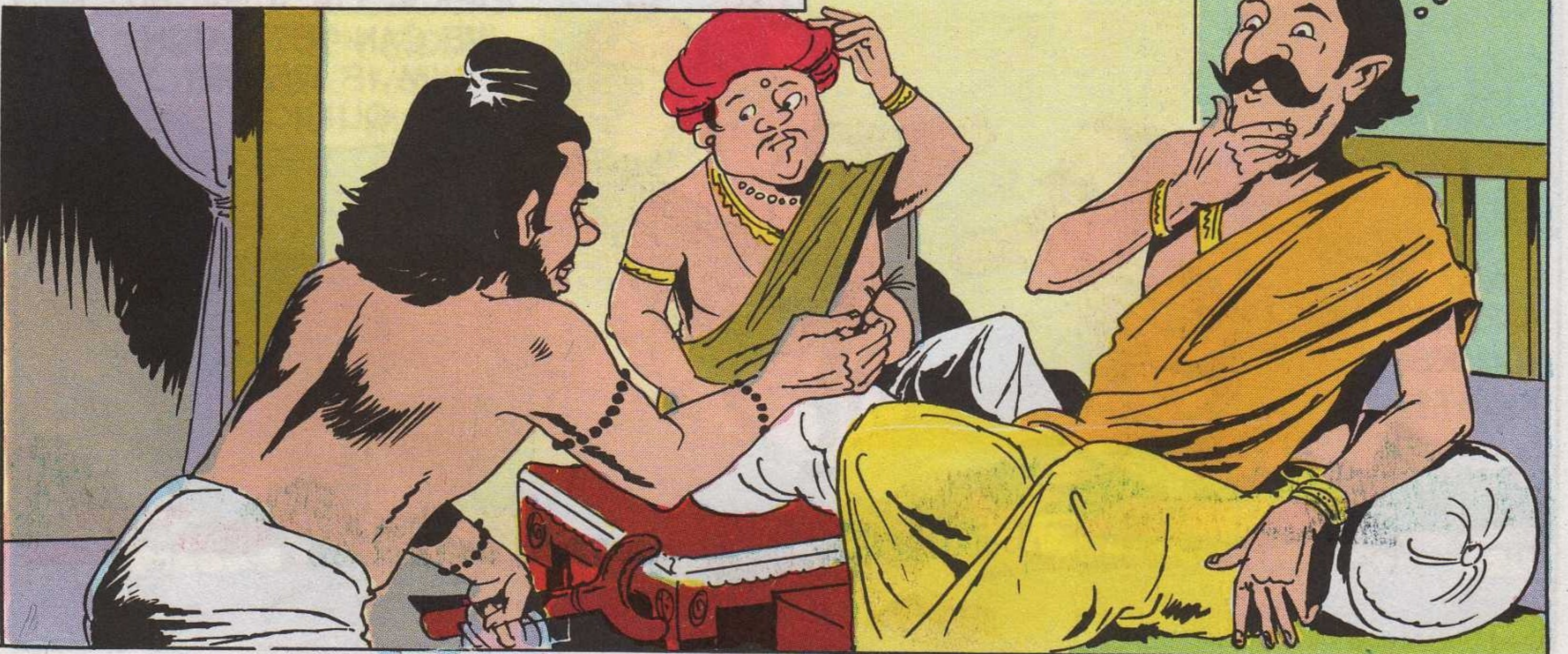
THE MERCHANT, HOWEVER, WAS A SHREWD MAN.



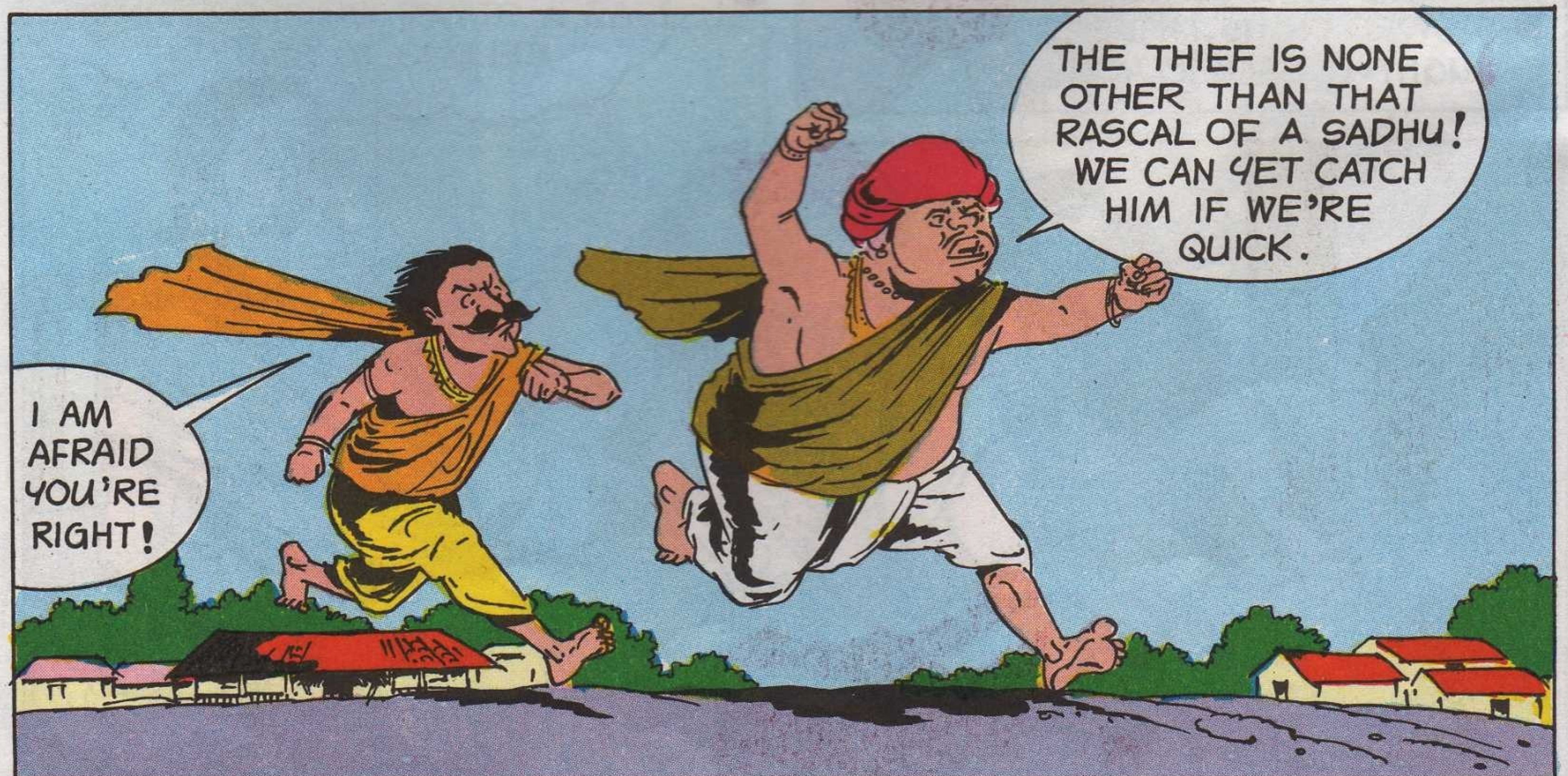
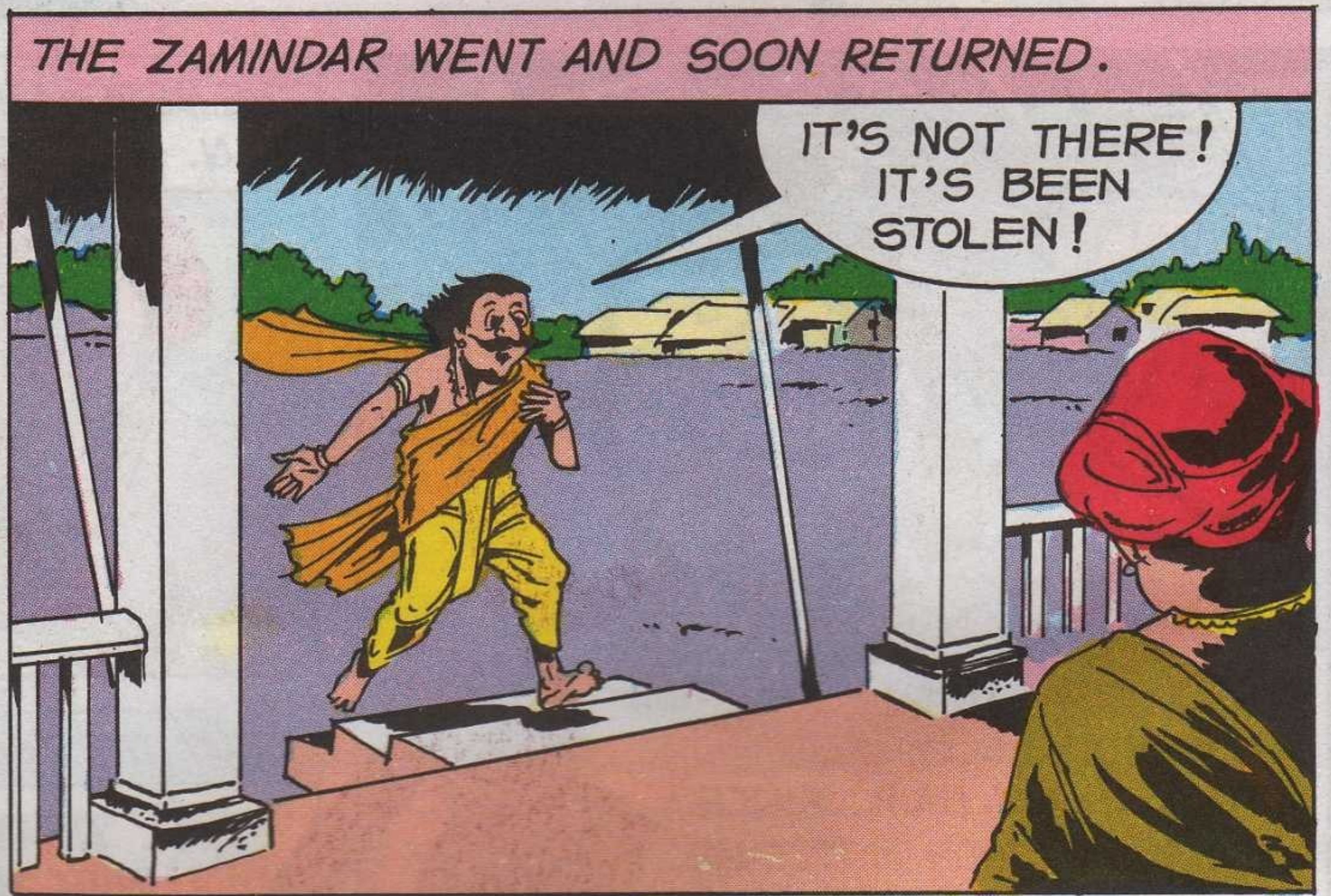
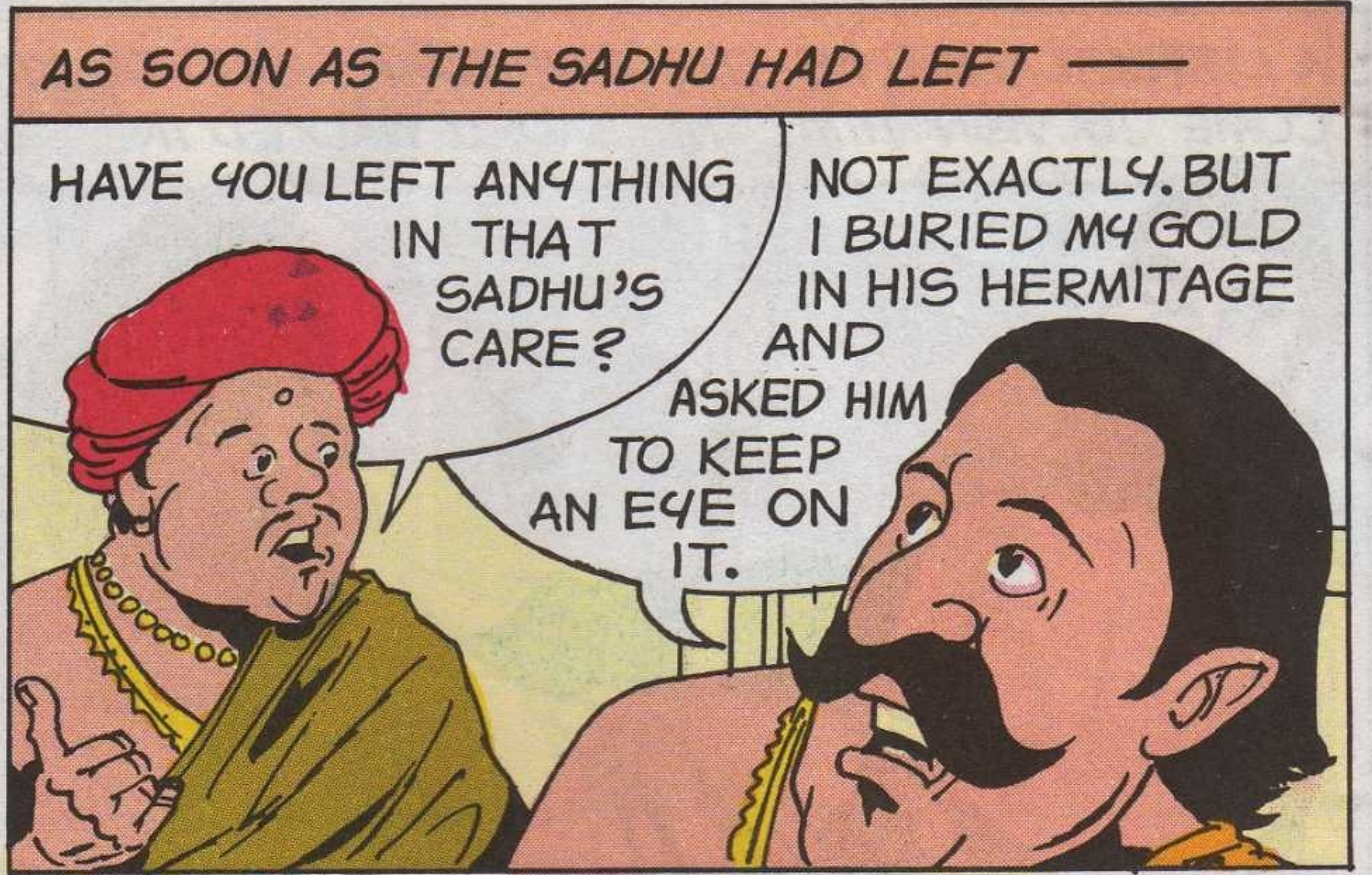
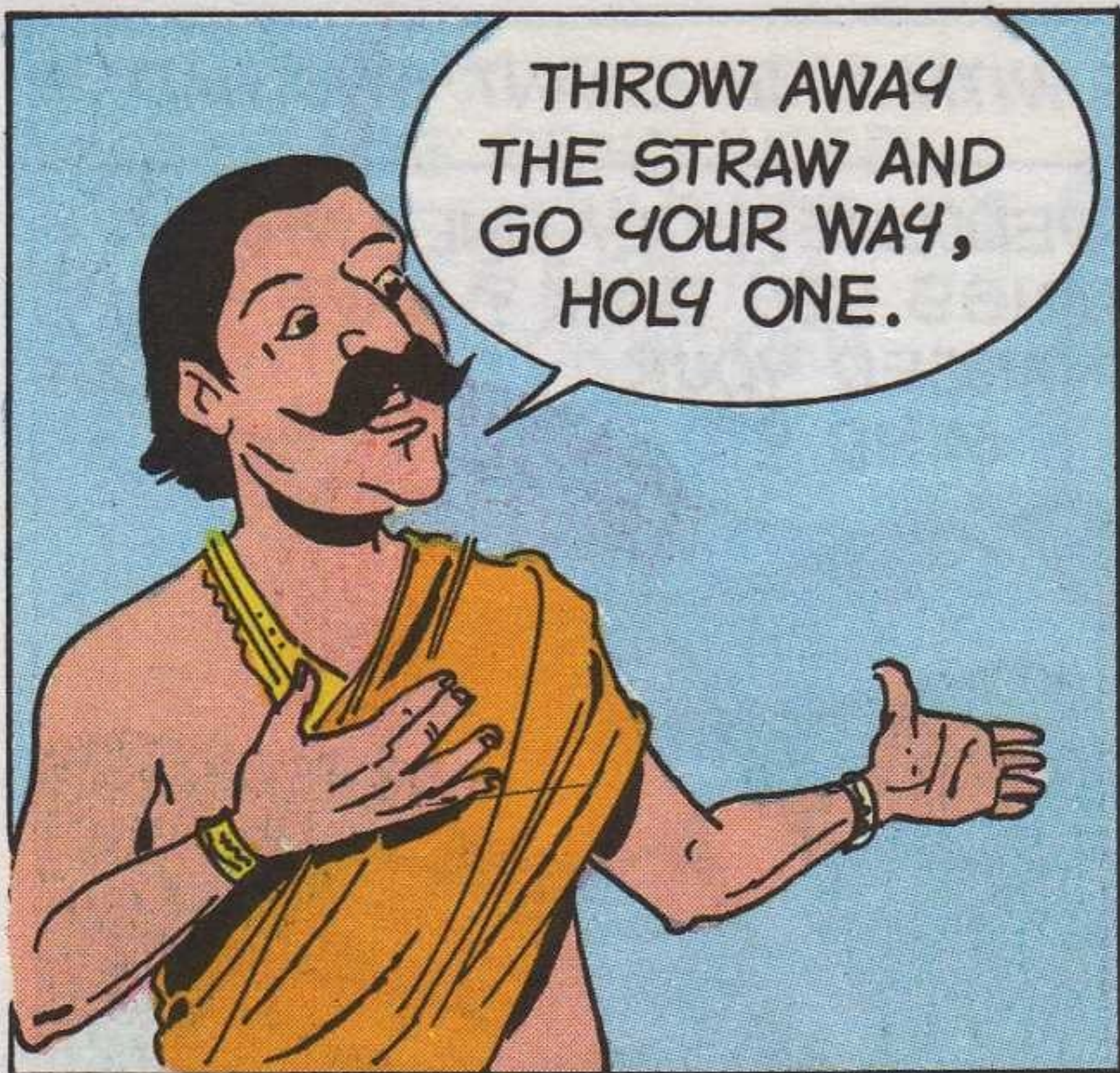
COME TO RETURN A STRAW INDEED! THIS FELLOW HAS ROBBED THE ZAMINDAR OF SOMETHING, I AM CERTAIN!

BUT THE ZAMINDAR WAS TAKEN IN.

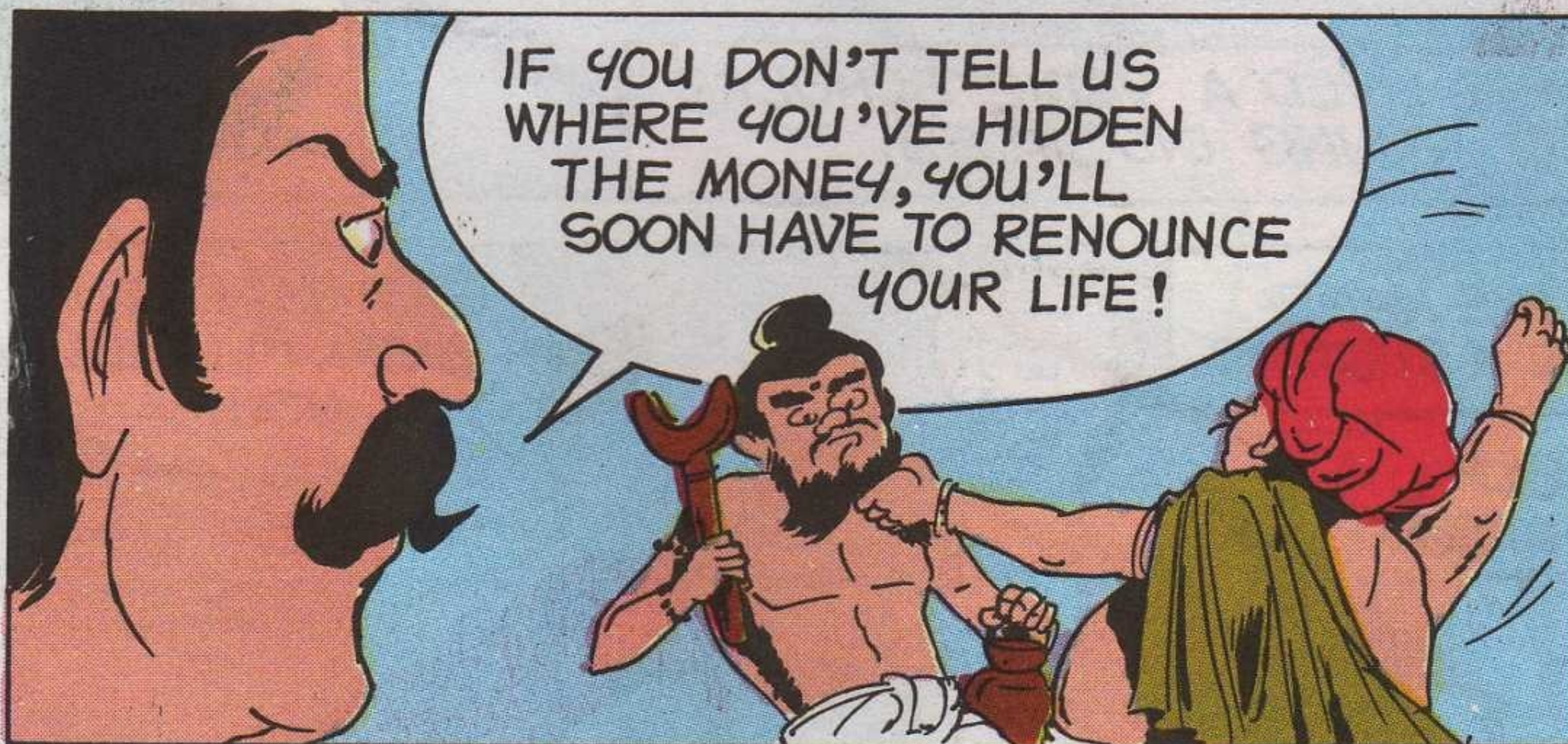
WHAT A SENSITIVE MAN! WHY, HE WON'T TAKE SO MUCH AS A STRAW WHICH DOES NOT BELONG TO HIM!





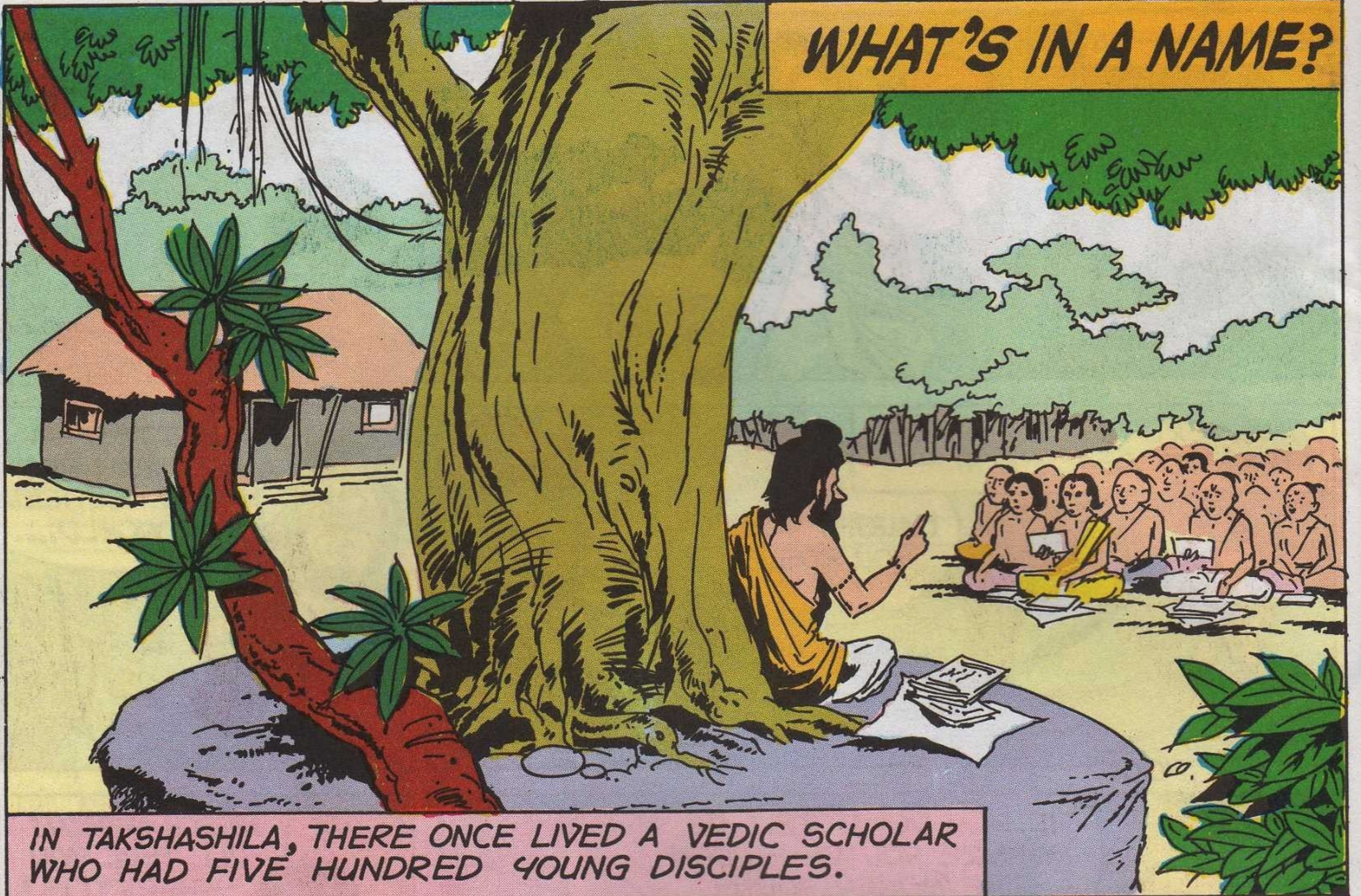




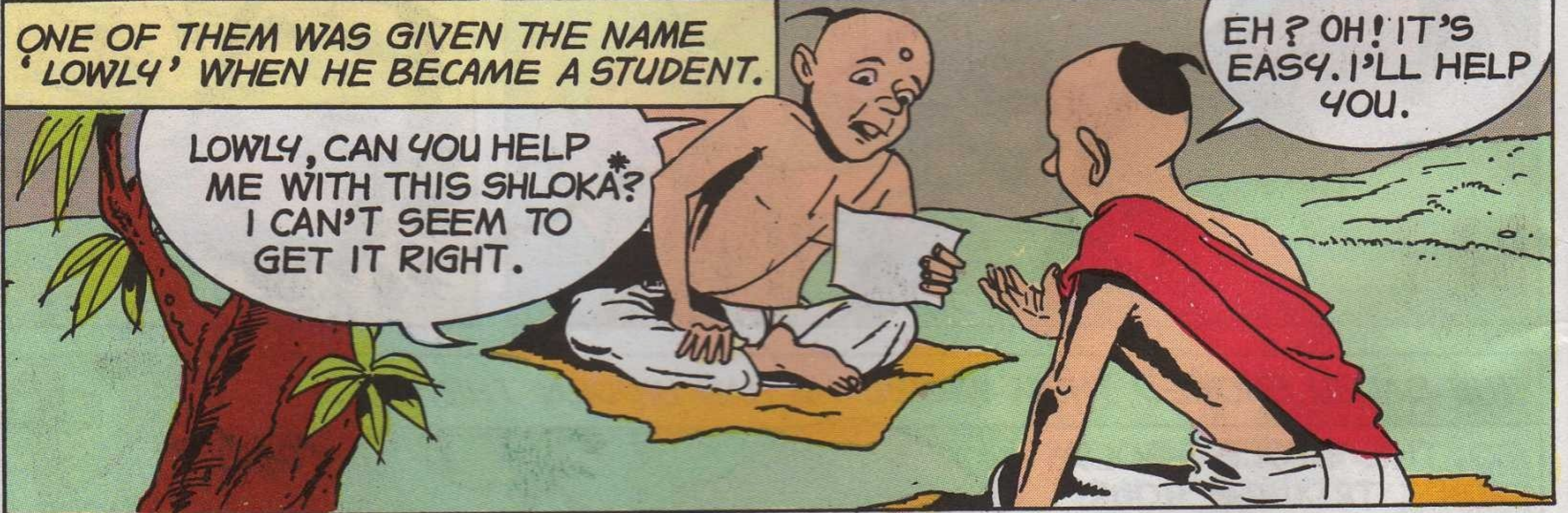




# WHAT'S IN A NAME?



ONE OF THEM WAS GIVEN THE NAME 'LOWLY' WHEN HE BECAME A STUDENT.



SO HELPFUL AND KIND WAS LOWLY THAT ALL HIS FELLOW STUDENTS LIKED HIM.



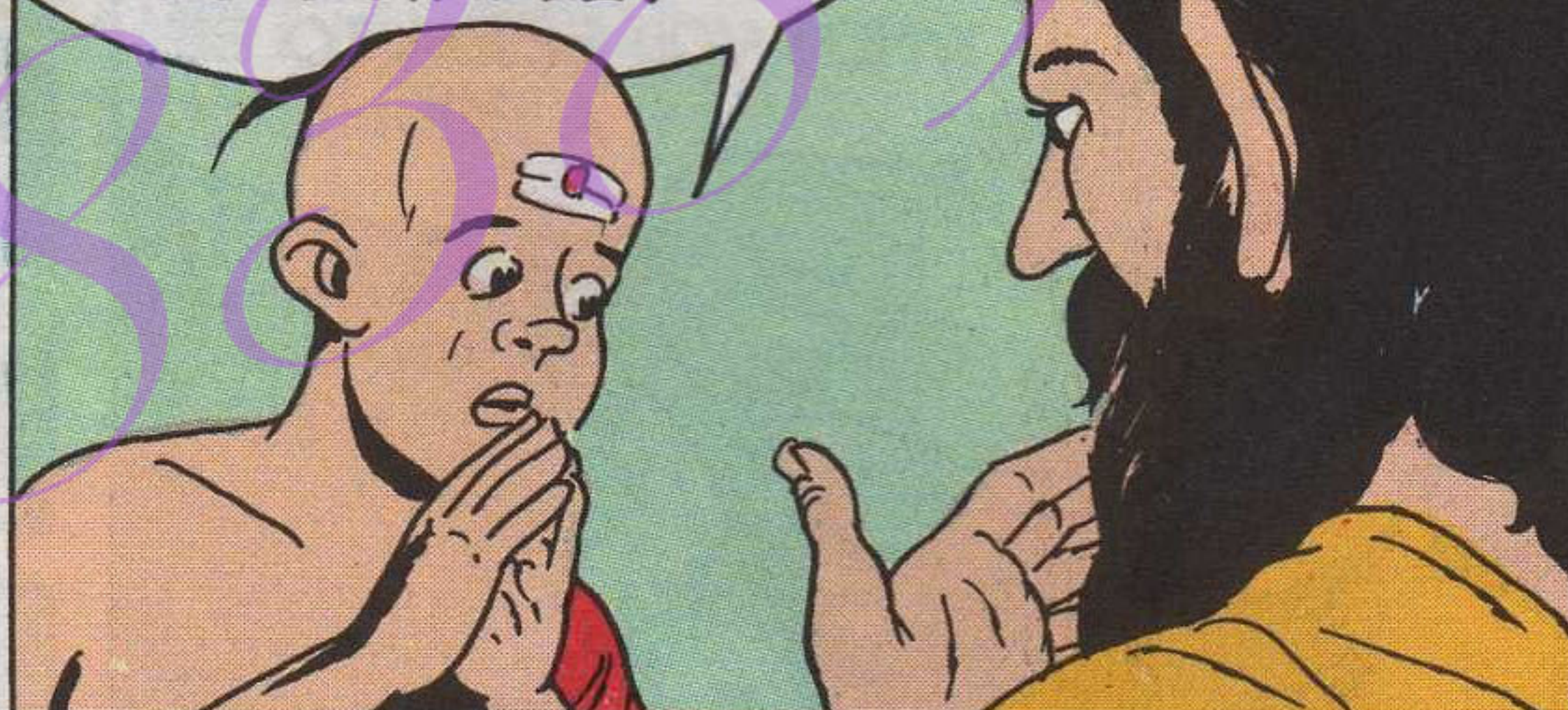
BUT HE WAS NOT HAPPY.

WHY HAVE I BEEN GIVEN SUCH A NAME? EVERY TIME I HEAR IT, I FEEL SAD.

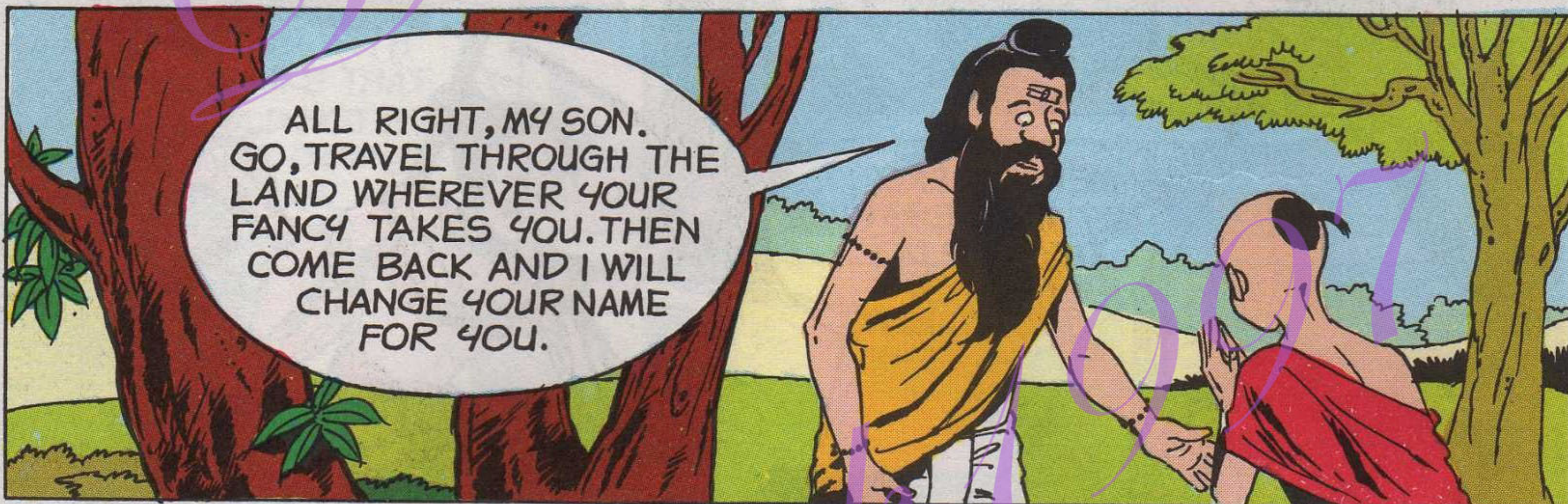


SO, ONE DAY, HE WENT TO HIS TEACHER.

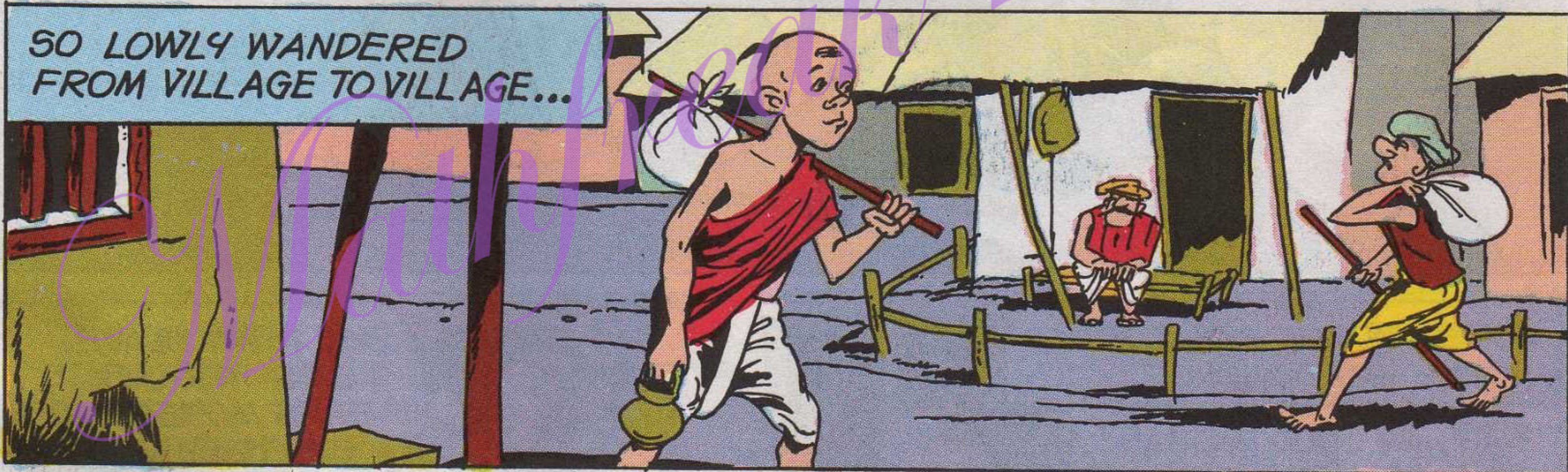
SIR, PLEASE GIVE ME A NEW NAME WHICH SOUNDS MORE RESPECTABLE.



ALL RIGHT, MY SON. GO, TRAVEL THROUGH THE LAND WHEREVER YOUR FANCY TAKES YOU. THEN COME BACK AND I WILL CHANGE YOUR NAME FOR YOU.



SO LOWLY WANDERED FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE...



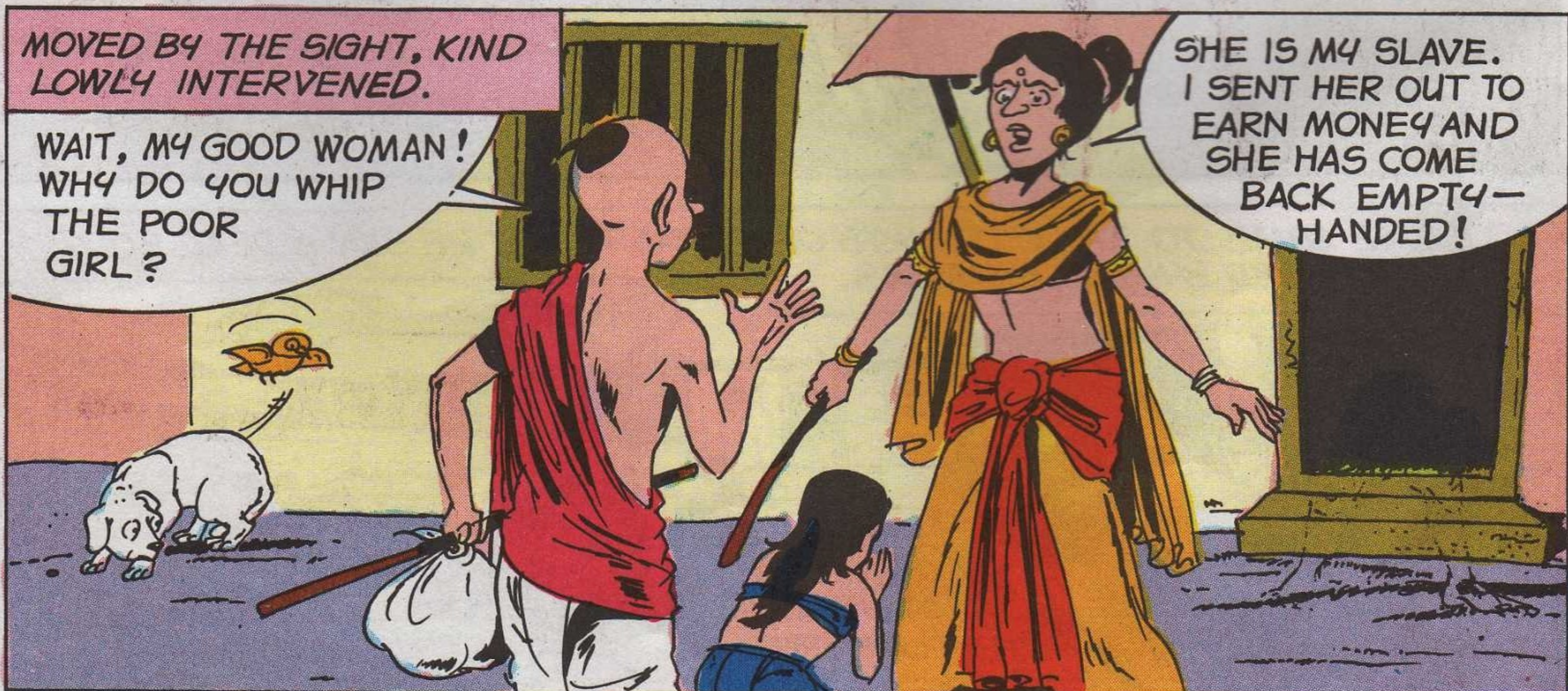
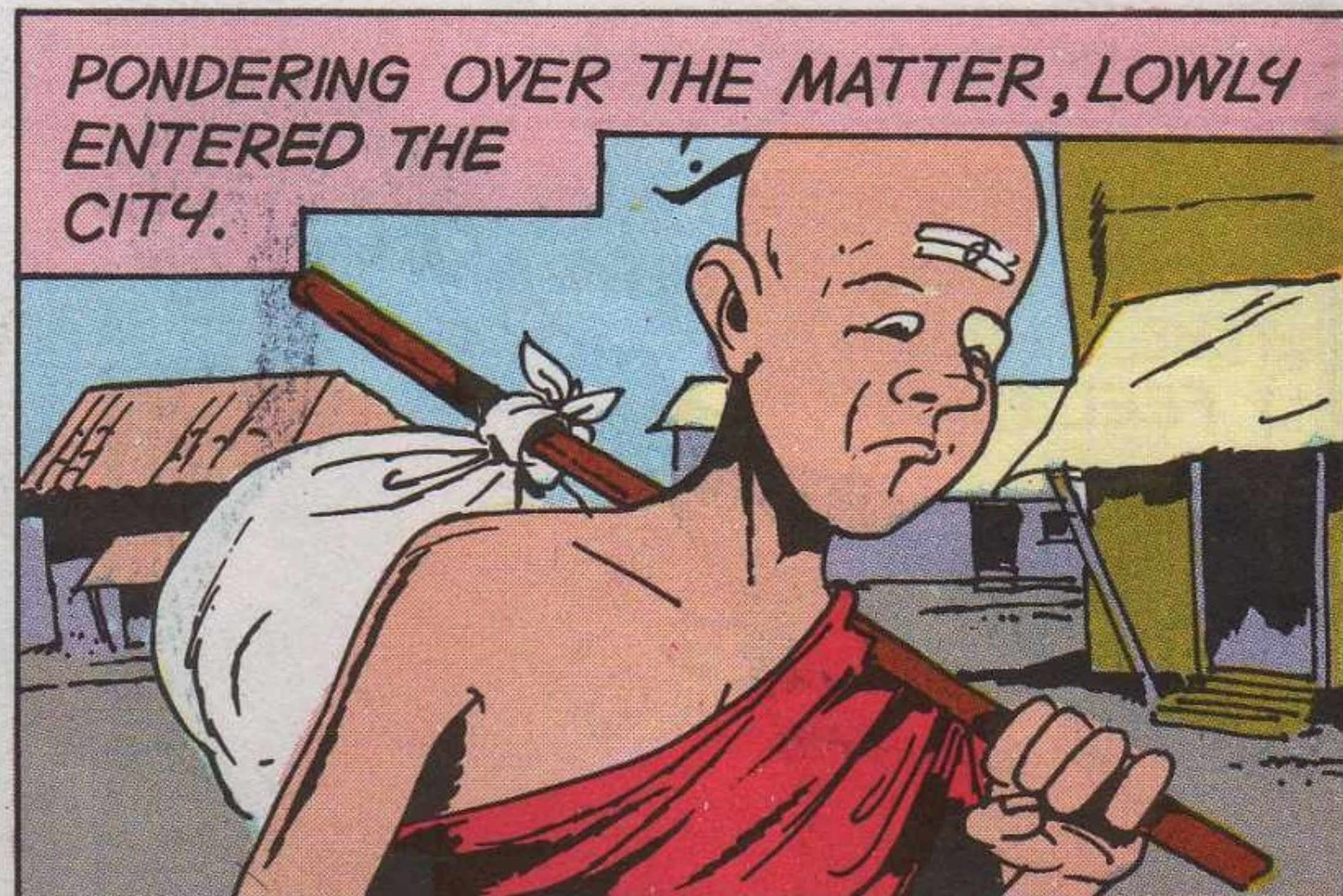
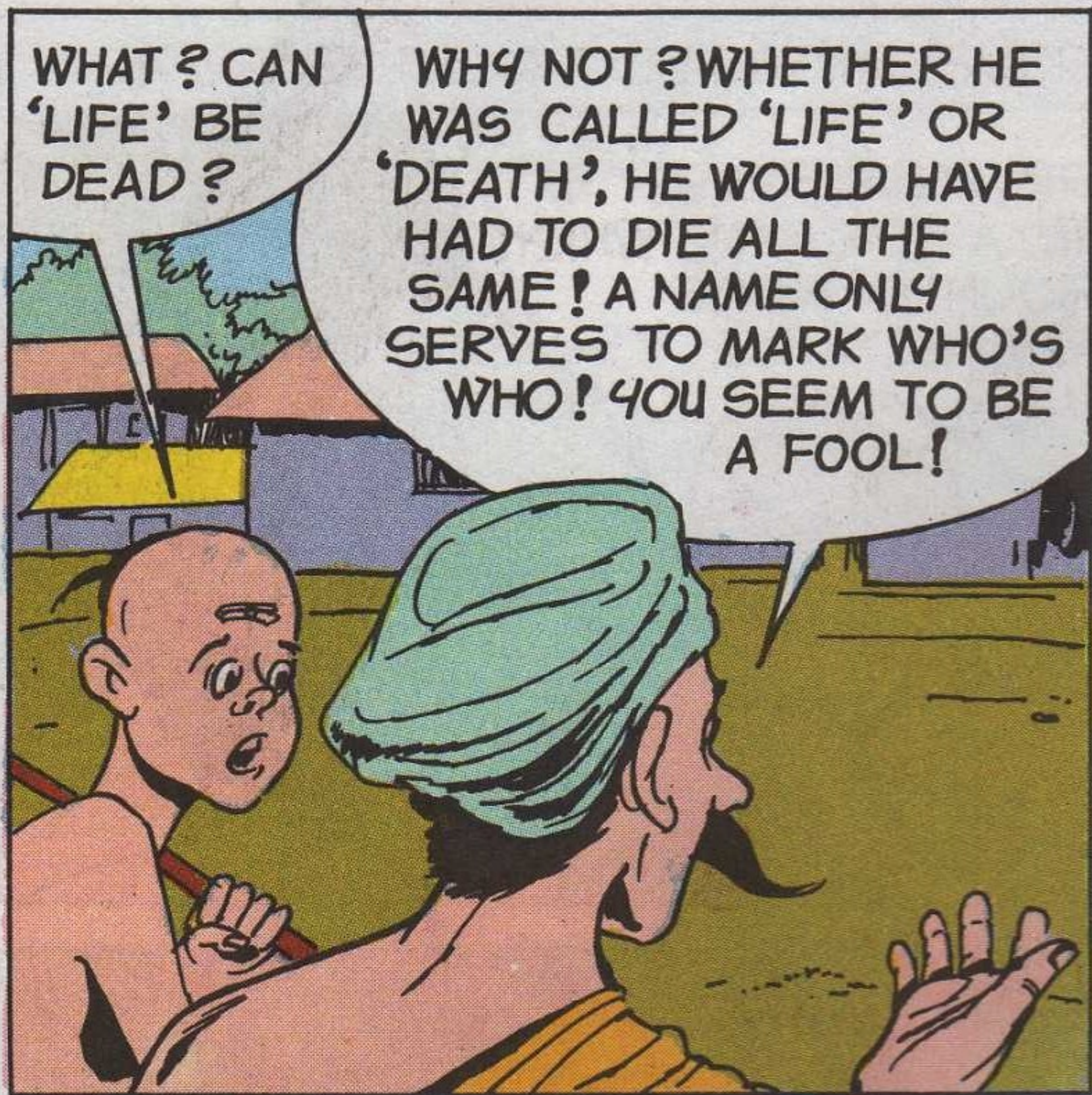
...TILL HE CAME TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF A CITY. THERE HE SAW A DEAD BODY BEING CARRIED BY PALLBEARERS.

WHAT WAS THAT MAN CALLED?

HIS NAME WAS 'LIFE'. SIR.









LOWLY TOOK OUT A COIN AND GAVE IT TO THE WOMAN.

HERE. KEEP THIS AND SPARE THE GIRL. SHE'LL DO BETTER TOMORROW.



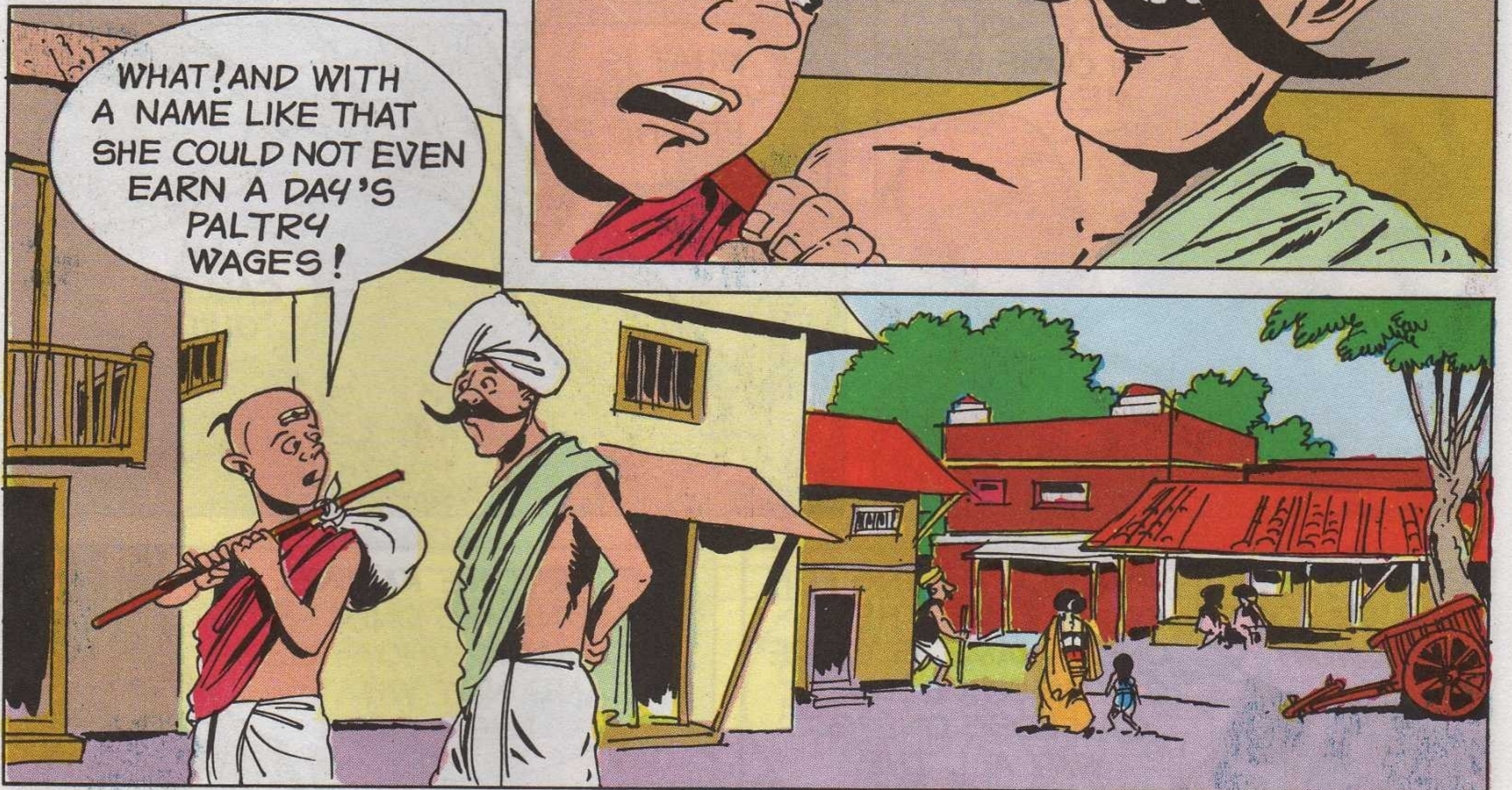
AS LOWLY WALKED AWAY HE SPOKE TO A PASSERBY WHO HAD WITNESSED THE SCENE.

POOR GIRL! SHE MUST HAVE AN ACCURSED NAME!

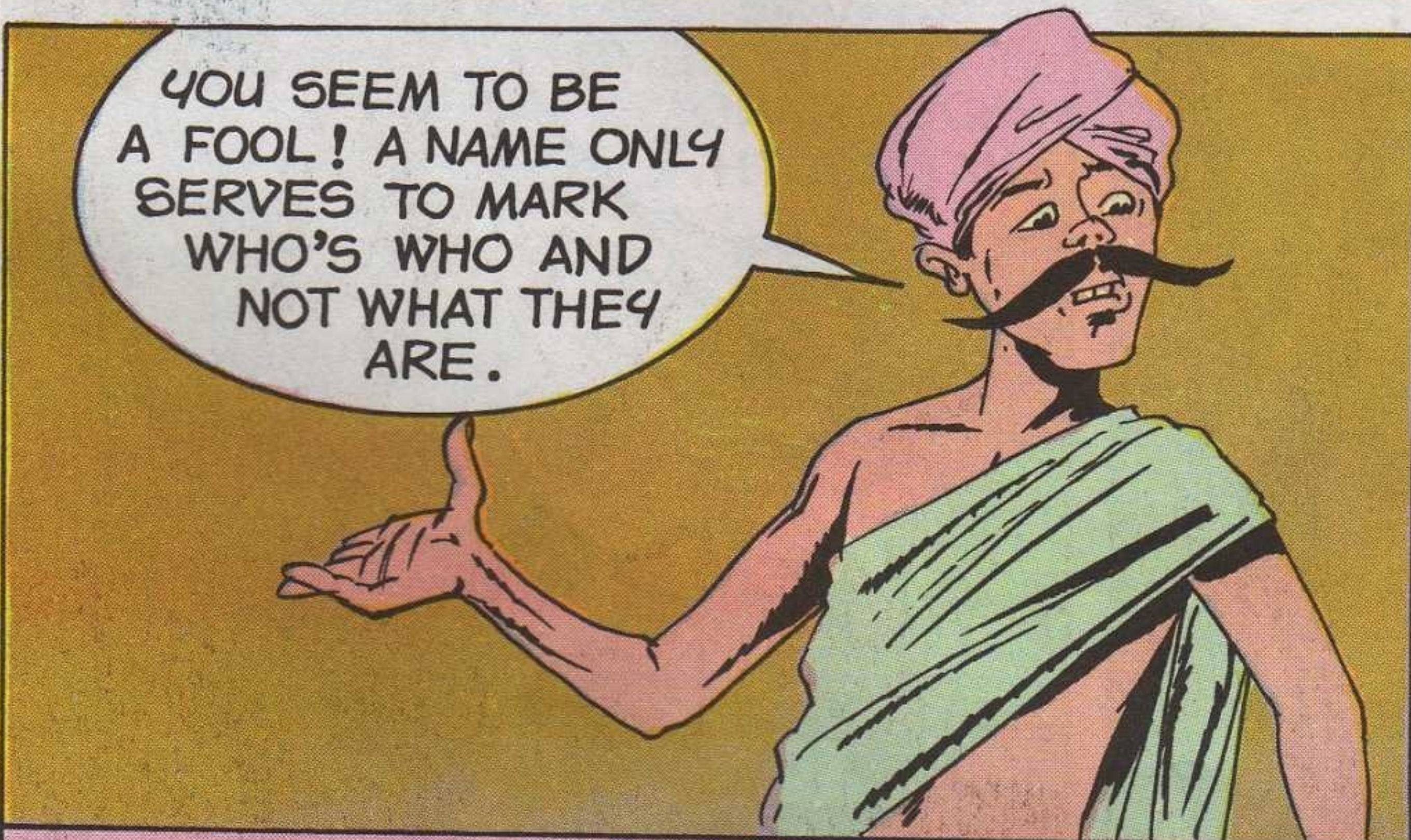
SHE IS CALLED 'RICH'!



WHAT! AND WITH A NAME LIKE THAT SHE COULD NOT EVEN EARN A DAY'S PALTRY WAGES!



YOU SEEM TO BE A FOOL! A NAME ONLY SERVES TO MARK WHO'S WHO AND NOT WHAT THEY ARE.

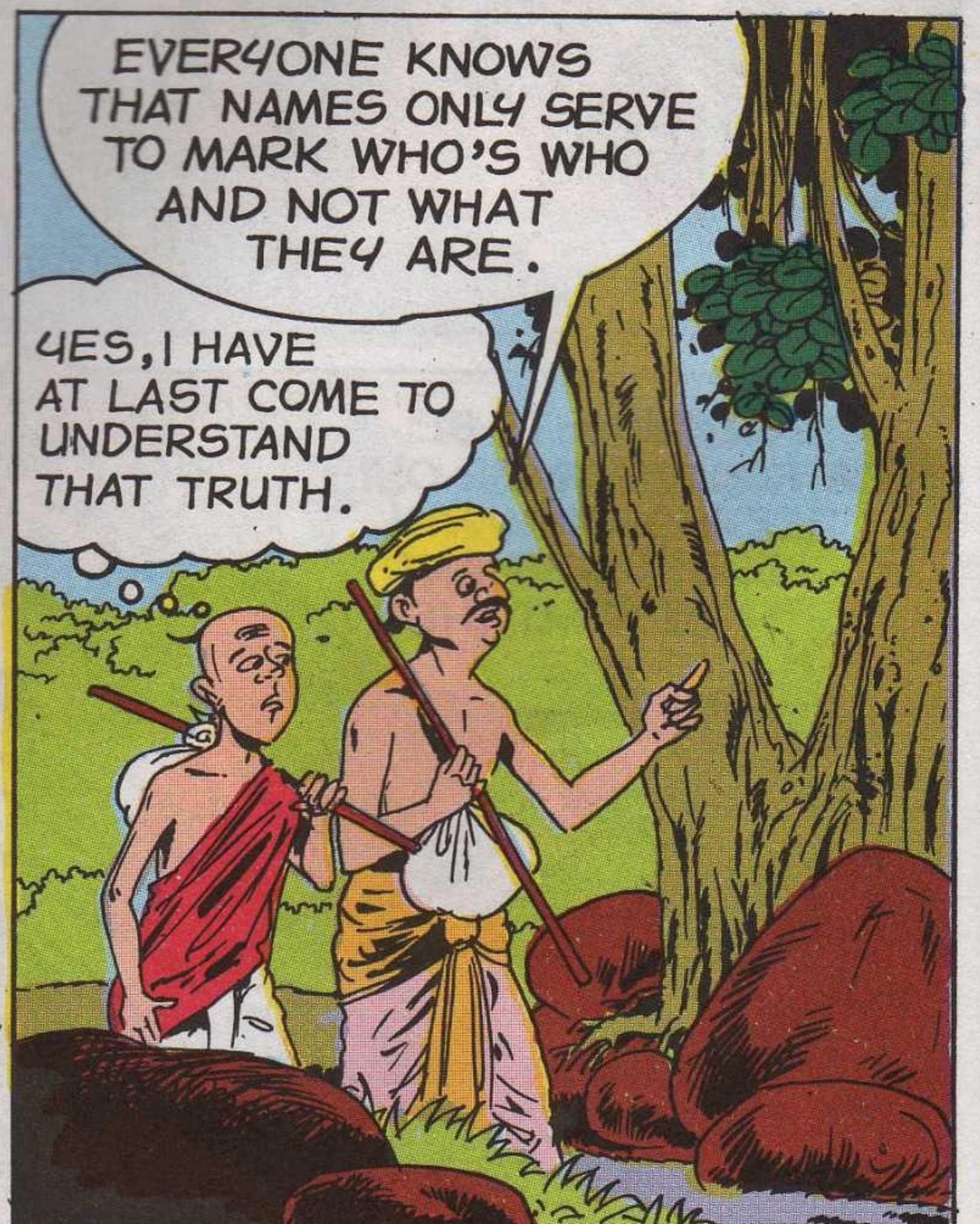
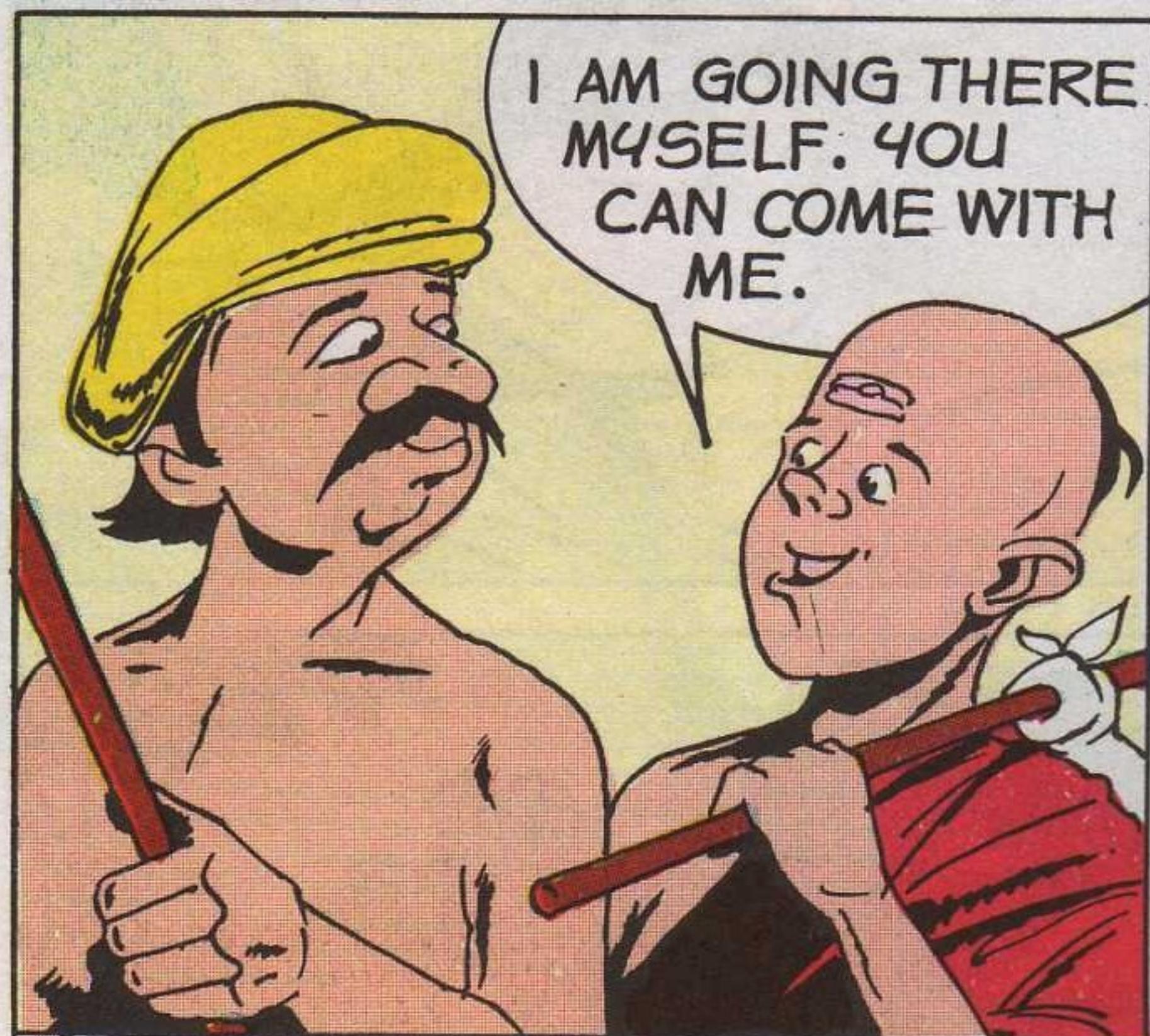


PERHAPS HE'S RIGHT. YET....



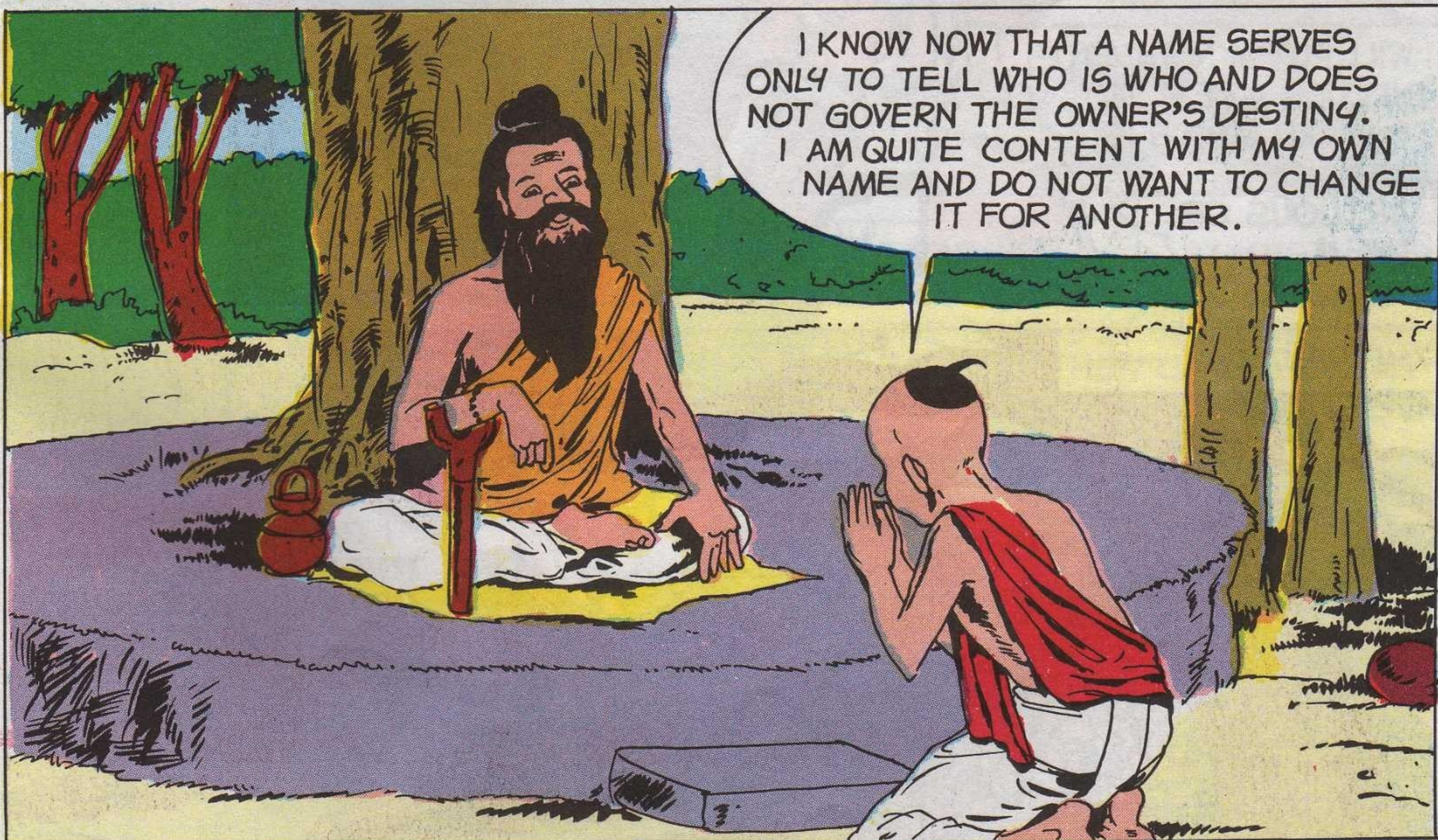
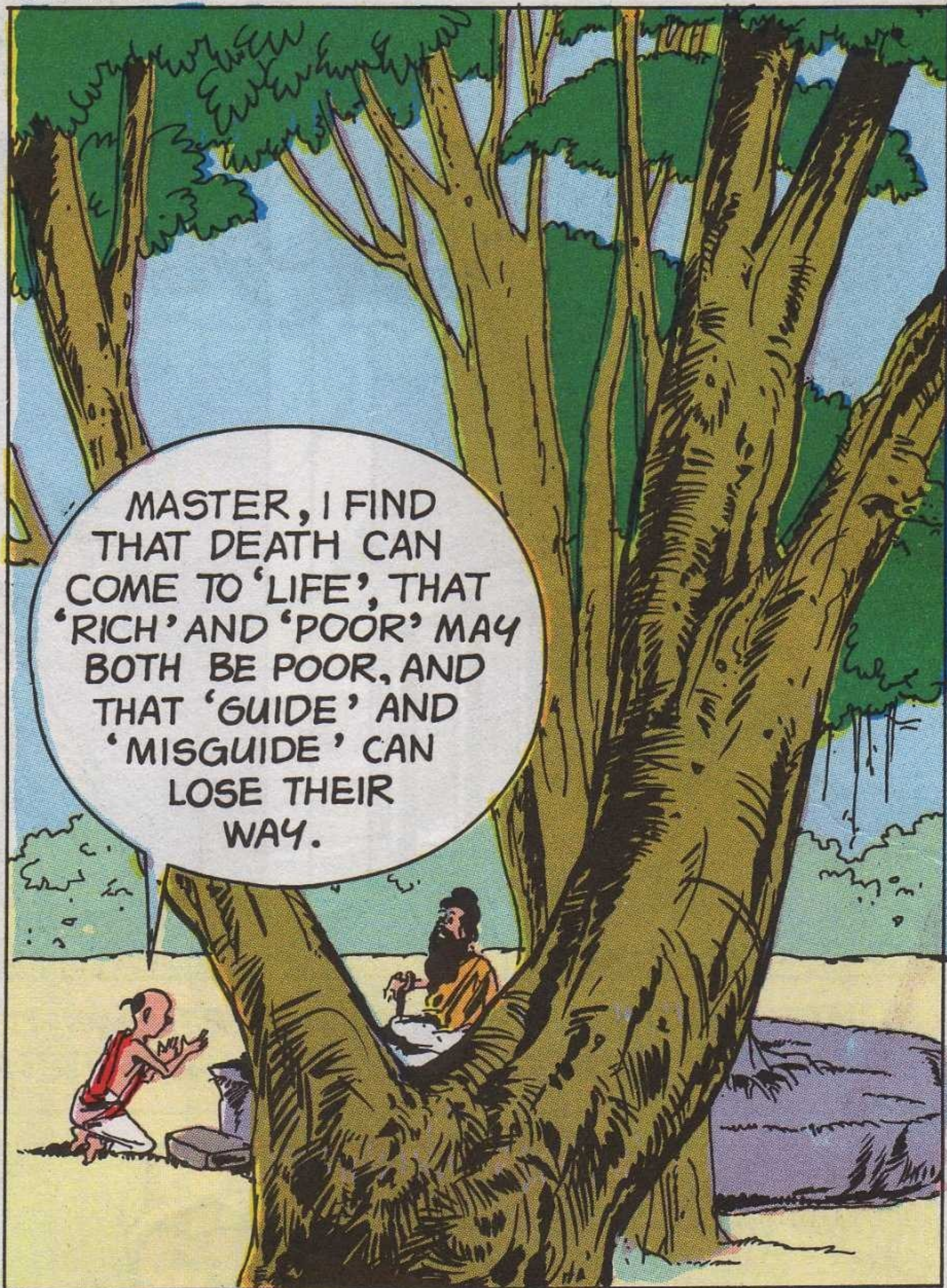
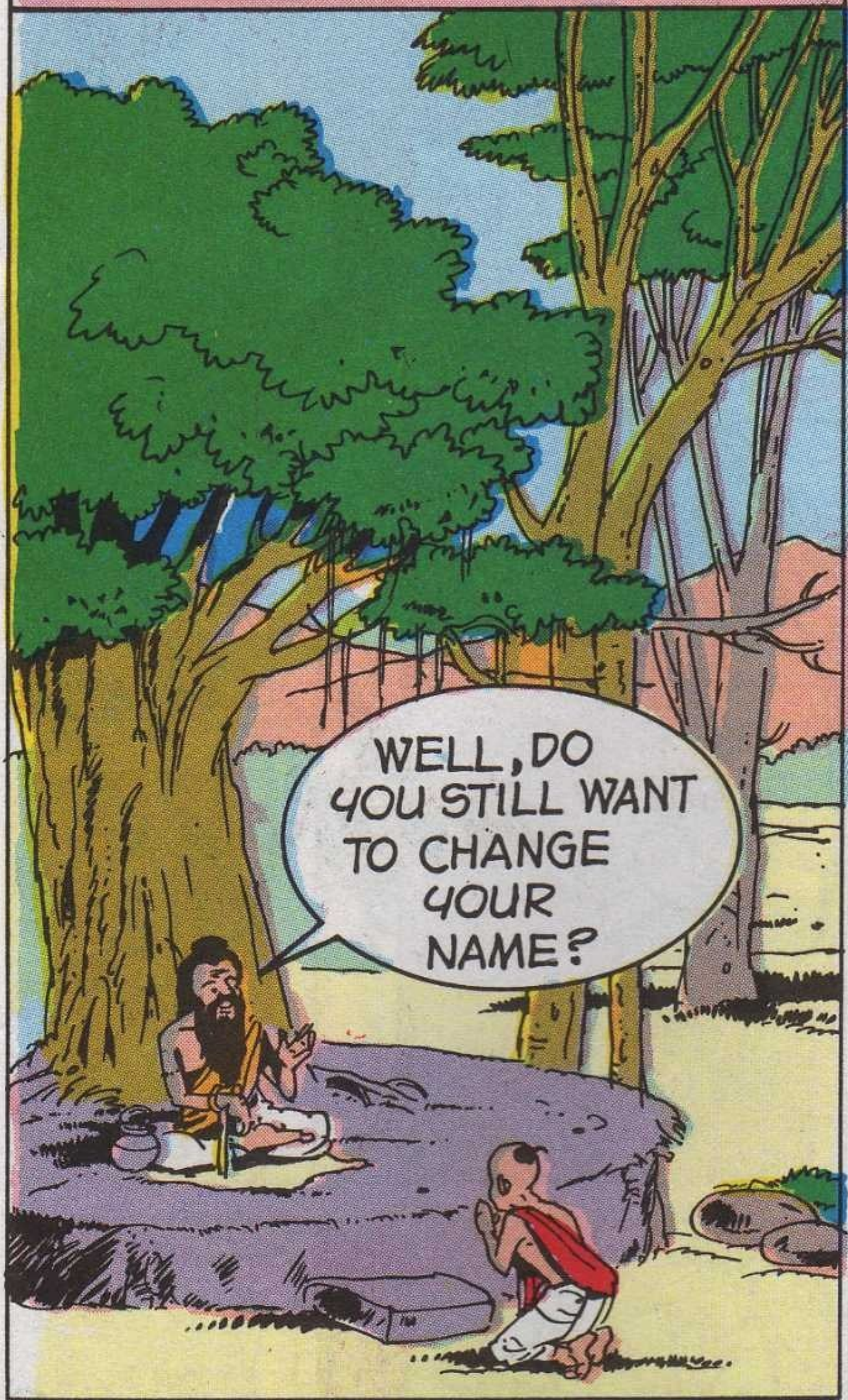
MORE RECONCILED TO HIS NAME, LOWLY NOW LEFT THE CITY AND TOOK THE ROAD BACK TOWARDS TAKSHASHILA.





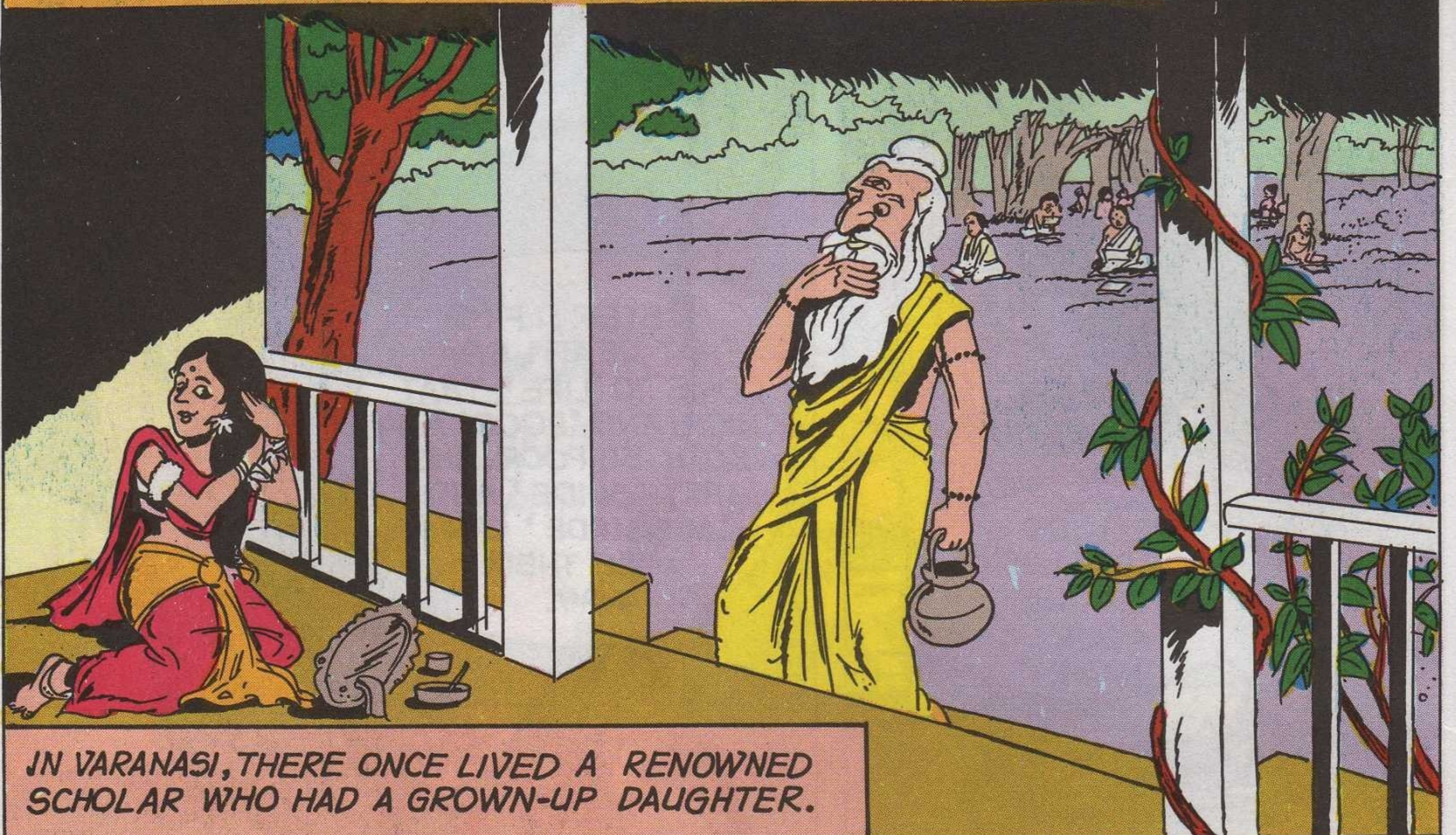


AT TAKSHASHILA, LOWLY WENT DIRECTLY TO HIS TEACHER.





# THE MOST VIRTUOUS STUDENT



IN VARANASI, THERE ONCE LIVED A RENOWNED SCHOLAR WHO HAD A GROWN-UP DAUGHTER.

HE HAD A LARGE NUMBER OF YOUNG STUDENTS IN HIS CARE. ONE DAY, AN IDEA STRUCK HIM —

I WILL PUT MY STUDENTS THROUGH A TEST TO FIND OUT WHICH IS THE MOST VIRTUOUS OF THEM.



THE NEXT DAY —

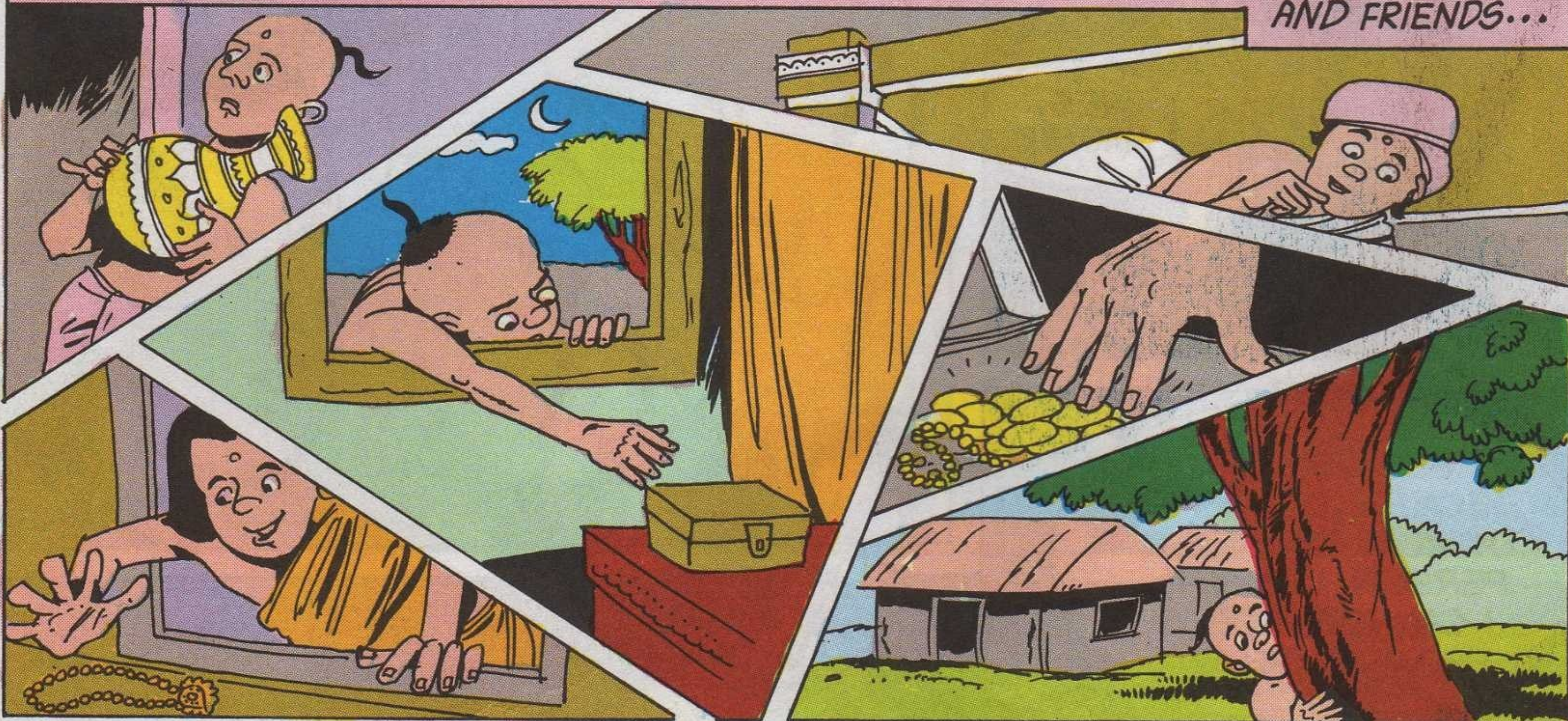


I CANNOT AFFORD THE CLOTHES AND ORNAMENTS REQUIRED FOR MY DAUGHTER'S MARRIAGE. WILL YOU, MY BOYS, HELP ME OUT BY STEALING THESE THINGS FOR ME?





FROM THAT DAY ONWARDS, THE STUDENTS STOLE VALUABLES FROM THEIR FAMILIES AND FRIENDS...

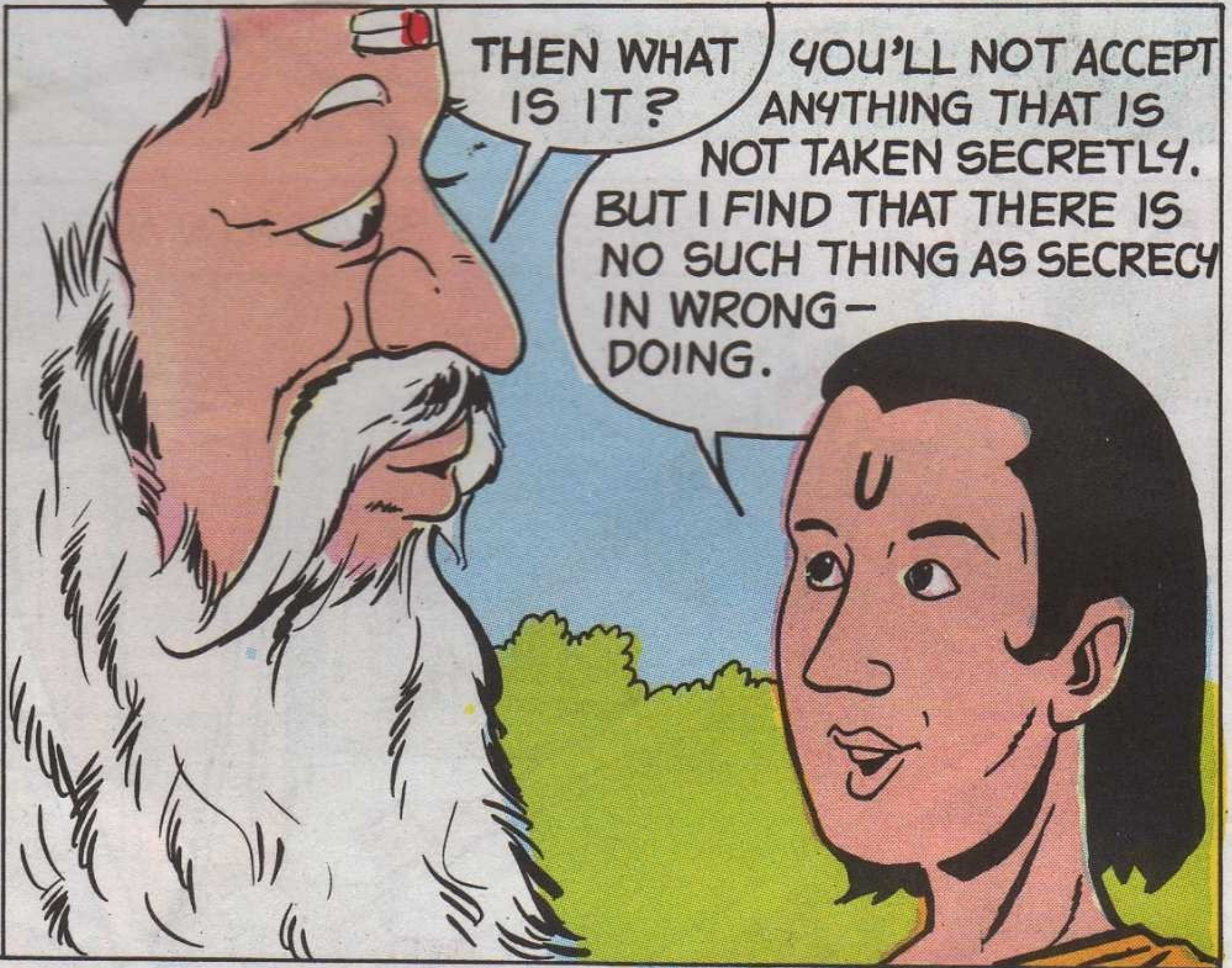
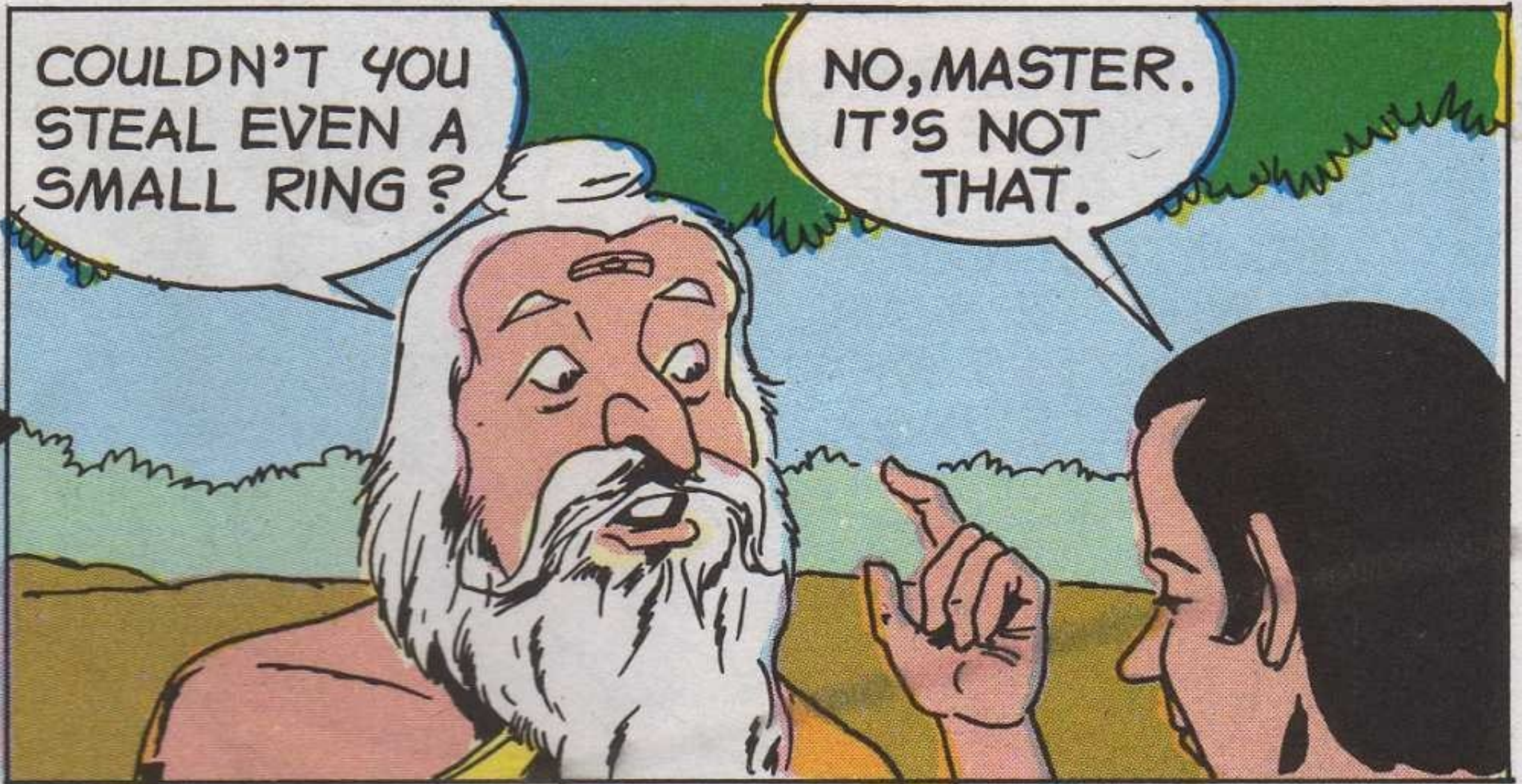


... AND BROUGHT THEM SECRETLY TO THEIR TEACHER.





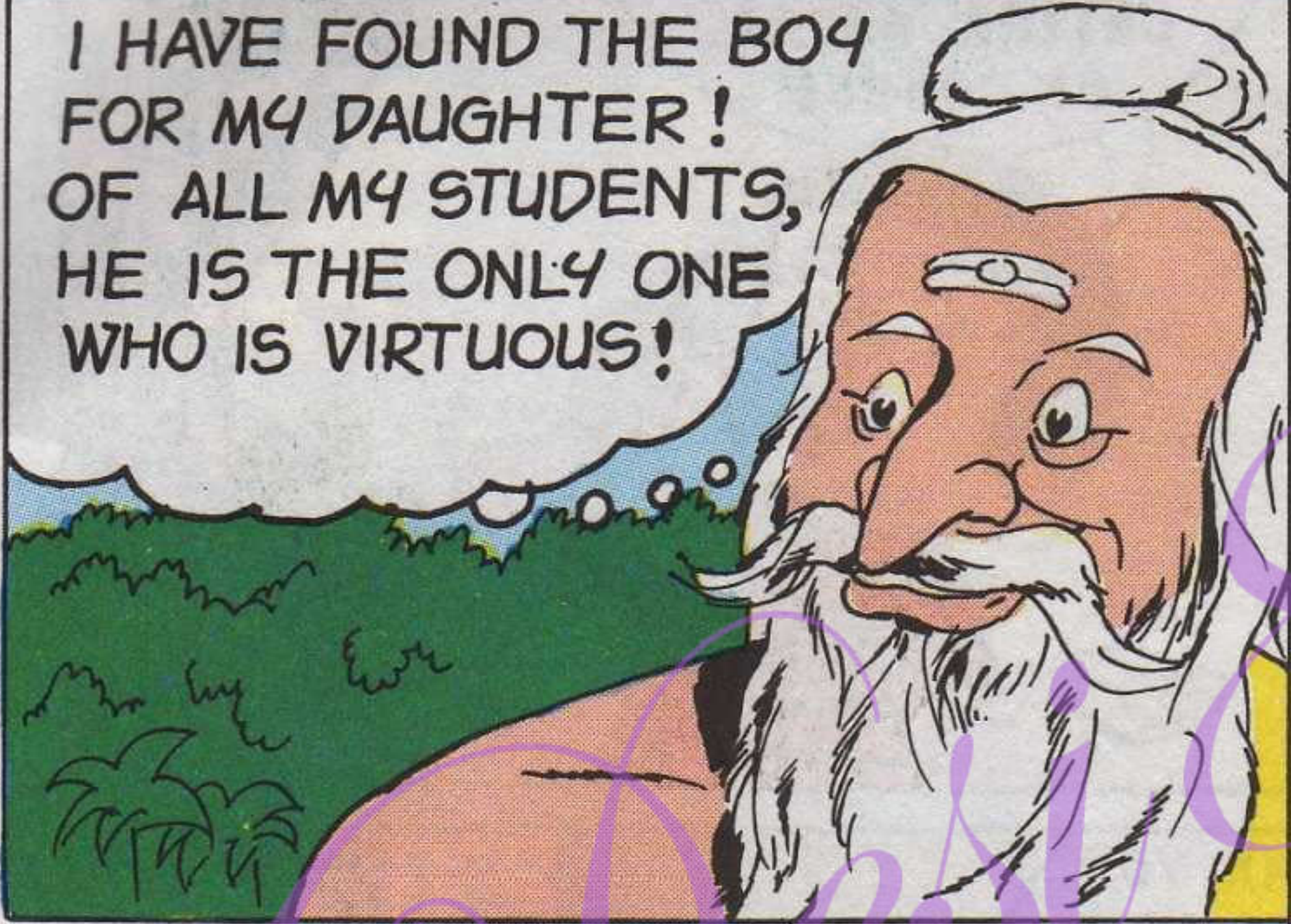
A FEW DAYS LATER, THE  
TEACHER SAW ONE OF HIS  
FAVOURITE STUDENTS  
LOOKING RATHER DEJECTED.





THE TEACHER WAS OVERJOYED.

I HAVE FOUND THE BOY  
FOR MY DAUGHTER!  
OF ALL MY STUDENTS,  
HE IS THE ONLY ONE  
WHO IS VIRTUOUS!

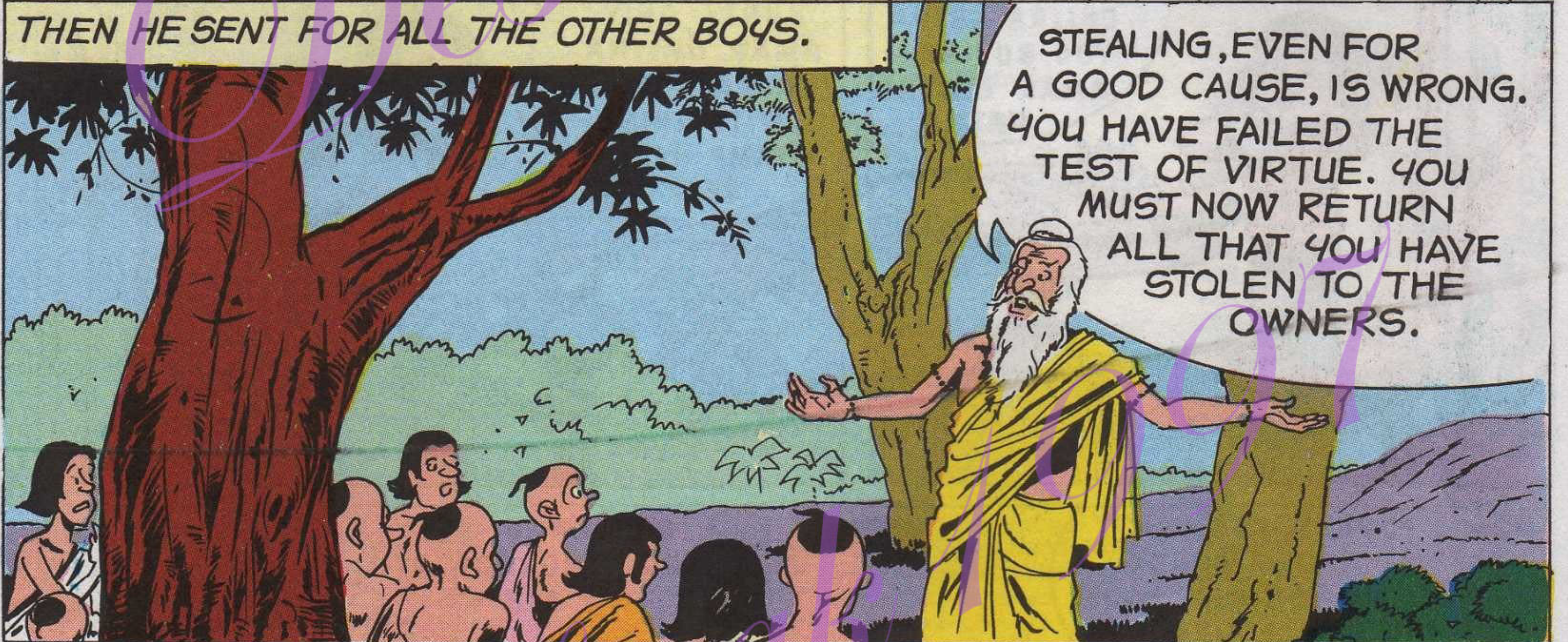


MY SON, I HAVE NO NEED OF  
WEALTH. I HAD ONLY ASKED  
YOU TO STEAL AS A TEST TO  
FIND A VIRTUOUS MAN  
FOR MY DAUGHTER.  
YOU ALONE ARE  
WORTHY OF  
HER.



THEN HE SENT FOR ALL THE OTHER BOYS.

STEALING, EVEN FOR  
A GOOD CAUSE, IS WRONG.  
YOU HAVE FAILED THE  
TEST OF VIRTUE. YOU  
MUST NOW RETURN  
ALL THAT YOU HAVE  
STOLEN TO THE  
OWNERS.



THEN, ADORNING HIS DAUGHTER WITH JEWELS, HE GAVE HER IN MARRIAGE TO  
THE VIRTUOUS STUDENT.

